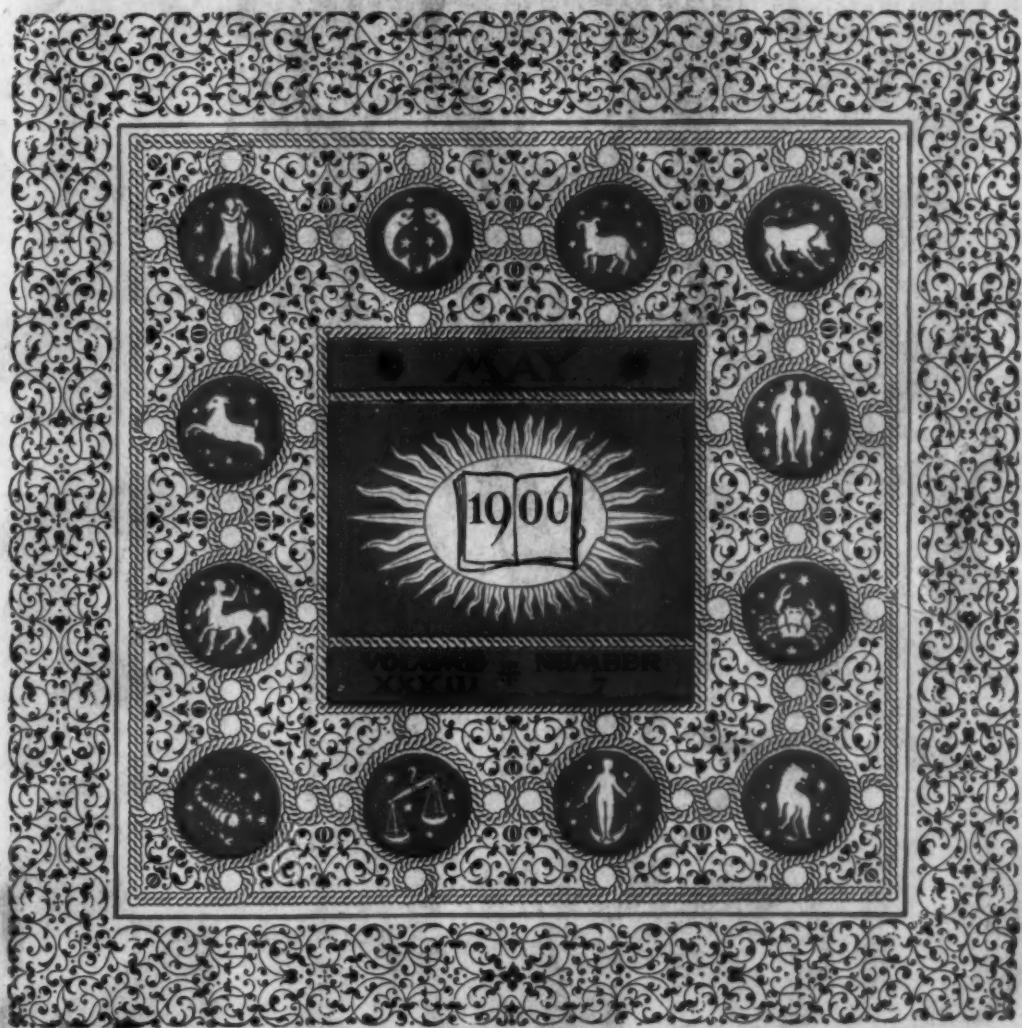


THE MAY NUMBER  
**ST. NICHOLAS**  
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
FOR YOUNG FOLKS

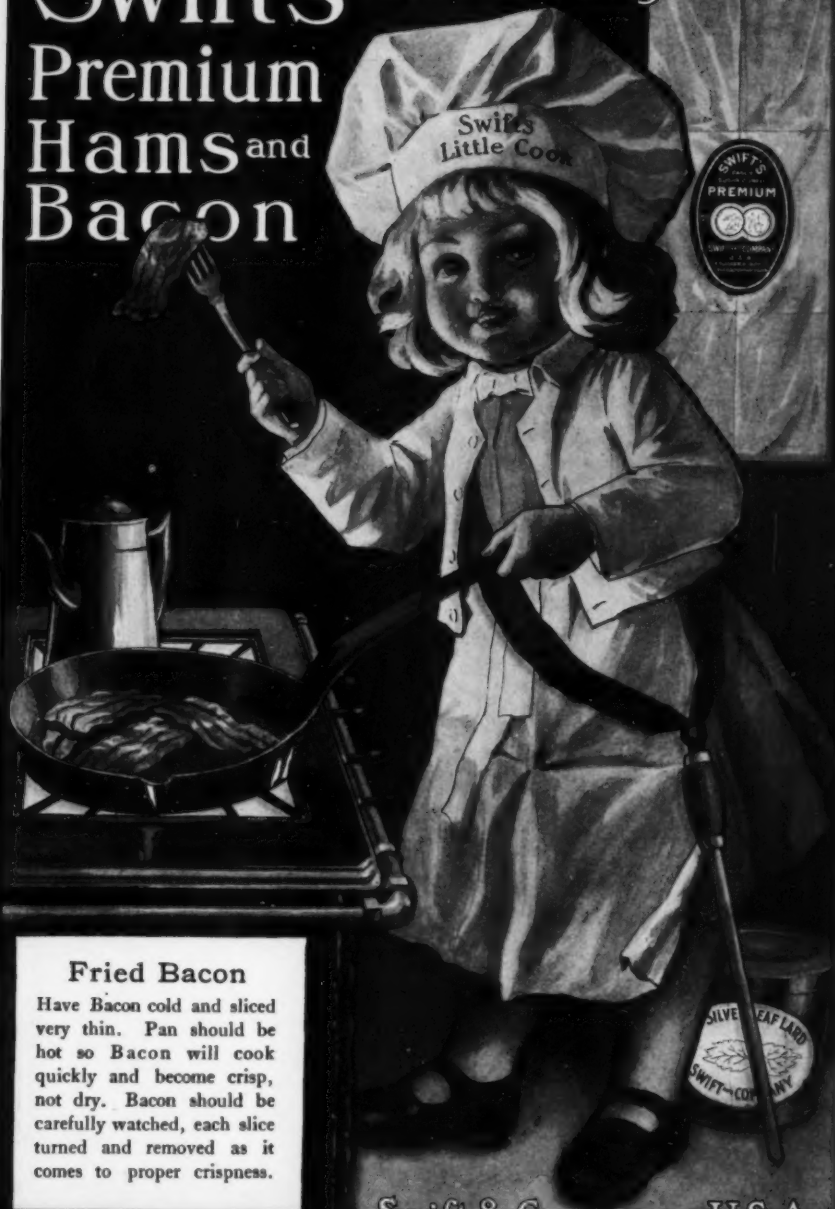


MACMILLAN AND CO. L'T'D. ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON  
THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

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# Swift's Little Cooking Lessons

## Premium Hams and Bacon



### Fried Bacon

Have Bacon cold and sliced very thin. Pan should be hot so Bacon will cook quickly and become crisp, not dry. Bacon should be carefully watched, each slice turned and removed as it comes to proper crispness.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

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FRANK H. SCOTT, Pres.  
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WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Sec'y.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N.Y.

# CENTURY

**JUNE**

A

TRAVEL  
NUMBER

## Seeing France with Uncle John

By Anne Warner French,  
Author of the "Susan Clegg" Stories.

The opening chapters of a very amusing serial story told largely in the form of letters to her mother from a young American girl, one of a party who are the guests of a somewhat irascible uncle whose monologues are interspersed with his niece's clever letters. It begins on the second day at sea and continues to the end of the trip, which includes Paris, Normandy, and Brittany. The author has now taken her place as one of the drollest of American humorists, and the complications of accident and the intermingling of love-affairs in this story of a European trip are varied by clever satire on foreign travel. Illustrated by Frederic R. Gruger, who has visited France especially for the purpose.

## The Tatra Mountains

A beautifully illustrated description of the dwellers in the picturesque Hungarian highlands.

## A French River

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with delightful pen-and-ink sketches by Joseph Pennell.

## "To the Jungfrau Peak by Trolley"

By Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg.

## The American Hero of Kimberley

The story of the man whose bravery and inventive genius defended this South African city.

The Elysée Palace, Home of the French President.

Pictures by Castaigne and Guérin. Fenwick's Career, viii, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Sunset Near Jerusalem, by Corwin Knapp Linson. The London 'Bus, four drawings by Thornton Oakley.

## Entertaining Short Stories.

O YURI SAN, by Charles Lorrimer. THE GOLDEN WHISTLE, by H. C. Bailey. HER CHARACTER, by George Hibbard. BY STAGES, by Gouverneur Morris. THE COLONEL'S COLLECTION, by Arthur E. McFarlane.

Pictures in Color and Tint.

**JUNE**

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# CENTURY



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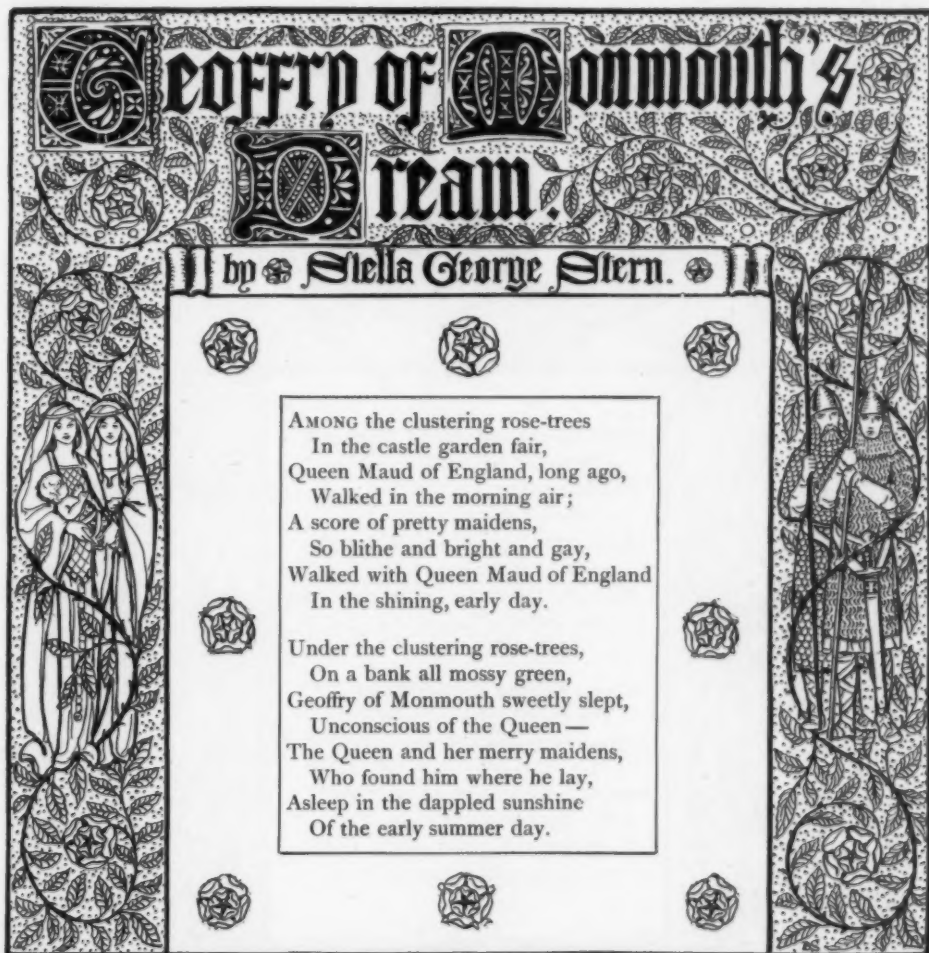


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No. 7.



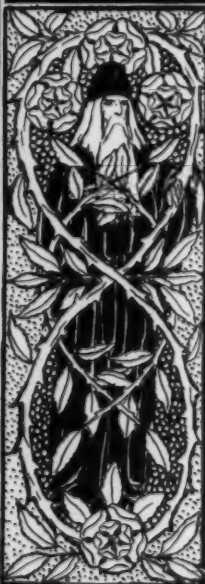
AMONG the clustering rose-trees  
In the castle garden fair,  
Queen Maud of England, long ago,  
Walked in the morning air;  
A score of pretty maidens,  
So blithe and bright and gay,  
Walked with Queen Maud of England  
In the shining, early day.

Under the clustering rose-trees,  
On a bank all mossy green,  
Geoffry of Monmouth sweetly slept,  
Unconscious of the Queen —  
The Queen and her merry maidens,  
Who found him where he lay,  
Asleep in the dappled sunshine  
Of the early summer day.



Then up spake Anne of Normandy,  
The cousin of the King,  
"Pelt him with roses, maidens;  
Awaken him and sing;  
Why sleeps my Lord of Monmouth  
So early in the day,  
When the Queen and all her maidens  
Are blithe and bright and gay?"

Then up spake English Edith,  
The cousin of the Queen,  
As sweet as any violet new  
That glistens in the green.  
"Oh, prithee, hush!" said Edith;  
"For truly it would seem  
To be a dreadful evil  
To break a poet's dream."





Among the clustering rose-trees,  
 With laughter hushed and low,  
 A-tiptoe in the morning sun,  
 The Queen and her maidens go.  
 Under the clustering rose-trees  
 Geoffry of Monmouth lay,  
 And dreamed the lovely morning  
 And the noontide all away.

In the castle hall at evening,  
 To lords and ladies fair,  
 Geoffry of Monmouth told his tale—  
 A vision bright and rare.  
 Their hearts beat quick and tender,  
 To hear the tale out-ring  
 Of Arthur, the great Pendragon,  
 The heaven-sent fairy king.







'T was still in the hall of the castle  
Till the King, when the tale was done,  
Cried, "Geoffry of Monmouth, truly tell  
How such a tale was spun."  
"This morn, as I slept in the garden,"  
Said Geoffry of Monmouth, "Sire,  
A dream of the great Pendragon  
Came upon wings of fire."

'T was still in the hall of the castle ;  
They brooded long o'er the tale,  
While Anne of Normandy laughed low,  
And Edith's cheek went pale :  
Sweet Edith, maid of England—  
Maid wise enough to deem  
It was a dreadful evil  
To break a poet's dream !





## THE HOME OUTING OF MRS. HERRICK.

BY RHODES CAMPBELL.



IGHT-HEARTED and ready for work, the Herrick girls were at home again, after visiting for the first few weeks of their summer vacation.

Elise, the eldest, taught the English branches in a girls' school in the West.

Elizabeth, fifteen, and Marion, twelve, were two growing school-girls, and had spent a month with an aunt at her country place on the Hudson.

"Dear me!" said Marion, yawning, as the three sat in the library, "how dull Traxton seems after such charming times at Aunt Isabel's, and the beautiful house with trained servants, with nothing to do from morning till night but one's own pleasure!"

"It does spoil one. I'm afraid, if we were rich, Marion, we'd be 'otty an' 'orrid,'" said Elizabeth. "Yet here is Elise, who has been so gay, and had tennis and golf parties in her honor, and has been a belle of the solidest—brass, and she's already sewing on a dress for a poor youngster who has none for the Sunday-school picnic next week. The needle fairly squeaks, it is so hot! She is doing it for sunshine, but who wants sunshine this weather? I prefer

shade." Elizabeth lay back in her big chair and fanned vigorously.

"Stop being so frivolous and pun-making, Betty," said the elder sister. "If you'd gather this sleeve you'd be cooler than groaning in that lazy chair. I've been thinking as well as sewing—yes, it is wearing, and far from complimentary."

"To yourself?" asked Marion.

"To all of us," said Elise. "Has it ever occurred to you elegant young women that while we have been butterflies of pleasure, if not of fashion, our dear mother has been here nursing grandmother through a long and tedious illness, and never letting us know about it for fear of spoiling our visits?"

"It's hard to realize it when we are away," murmured Elizabeth. "With us 'seein' is believin'," and then mother never complains, and always seems so calm and pleasant. But she must be tired out. Nursing is the hardest work."

"We're a selfish lot; at least Betty and I are," said Marion, impulsively.

"I plead guilty, too," Elise declared. "But we must do something to redeem ourselves. Mama must have a vacation."

"Oh, you know, Elise, there's no money to spare for any more jaunts—"

"More's the shame!" said Elise, quickly. "I've offered her part of my earnings,—I can't



save half I ought to,—but she won't touch it, as she thinks I need it for fall and winter clothes. But I've thought of another way—not so attractive, but far better than no vacation. Why not invite her to visit us for two or three weeks? Of course, when we're at home we help, but the brunt falls on her. Now let us big, hearty girls take every bit of the housework on our hands and make a visitor of our mother. We can do several simple, nice things for her entertainment. Let us make a little sacrifice for her, instead of her making dozens every year for us."

"The very thing!" cried Betty. "My conscience does prick, and it will be fun, too. Nobody but you, Elise, would think of such a thing."

"We must write a formal invitation and send it at once. Let me see! Get paper and pens from my desk—my very swellest note. How will this do?"

"The Misses Herrick request the pleasure of a two weeks' visit from Mrs. Lucy Herrick, beginning on Wednesday afternoon next at four o'clock. An early reply is requested."

"ELISE HERRICK."

"ELIZABETH HERRICK."

"MARION HERRICK."

The next day—Tuesday—came a note in the mail. Three heads bent anxiously over the fine, pretty writing. They read:

"Mrs. Lucy Herrick accepts with pleasure the invitation from the Misses Herrick to visit them at their charming home. She will arrive promptly at four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon. She hopes that at the end of the two weeks the young ladies will return with Mrs. Herrick for a protracted stay at her own home."

"Pretty neat, that last," Marion cried, and they all laughed. Then they went to work in earnest. Wednesday, directly after breakfast, Mrs. Herrick was hurried off to spend the day with her mother, four squares away. Then the three, in morning dress, worked with a will. They had lunch, instead of the usual country noon dinner, to give themselves more time.

By four everything was in order, and the girls, in pretty afternoon dress, awaited their

guests—for grandmother was coming to tea, also.

They arrived promptly, Mrs. Herrick in her lavender lawn, and Madam Avery in a thin black-and-white gown with old laces.

The rooms of the cottage were partly darkened and cool, with flowers and vines everywhere.

A few moments later three friends of the mother's came—a surprise planned by the girls.

Every one seemed in a gala mood. There was a cool breeze on the piazza, so the guests adjourned thither later.

When supper time came, the mother could not repress a little gasp of astonishment. The table was beautifully decorated with ferns and white roses, with Elise's best embroidered centerpiece of ferns on a white ground. The prettiest china and silver were in use, and vines were on the walls.

Marion was a model waitress in white cap and apron. Elise had the few hot dishes for the first course. She served coffee from the urn, a family heirloom, and tea for madam from Elizabeth's Chinese teapot. The veal pâtés had been the skeleton at the feast, but they were a success in spite of dire misgivings, while Elise's delicious light rolls were highly praised.

Elizabeth gave for a second course her famous vegetable-salad, served with thin slices of brown bread and olives.

The last course was sliced peaches chilled, with whipped cream, and Elizabeth's nut-cakes and Marion's peppermint wafers.

After tea there was a new game, led by Elizabeth. Then Elise came in to play many pretty airs, like "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Bonnie Dundee," and "The Campbells are Coming," with variations. The three sisters sang some lively songs.

Marion said afterward that she did n't know what they would have done if they had had gentlemen, as they liked such hearty dishes; but one guest was a widow, another unmarried, and the husband of the third was out of town. Madam Avery's one lodger came for her, and escorted the others home also.

As soon as the door closed behind the guests, Mrs. Herrick said eagerly, "Now, girls, we must get those dishes out of the way." Her remark



was met by a lofty stare from Elise. "Guests do not ask about kitchen arrangements," she said; "but if you are troubled, Mrs. Herrick, you may be allowed a glance into our culinary department."

So saying, Elise led the way, and behold! the kitchen in perfect order, and not a dish in view!

Mrs. Herrick looked her amazement, but she only said: "What well-trained servants you must have!"

"Yes, the waitress cleared the table, then ate her own supper; then the housemaid came from the parlor to relieve the cook, who had most of the dishes washed. The cook left the dish washing to play on the piano," Elise explained.

"Well," said Mrs. Herrick, "I must express my delight over my first evening's entertainment. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more; but I hope you will not go to any undue labor for the remainder of my stay."

"With servants so well trained as ours, madam, nothing is a labor, and entertaining but a joy and pastime," said Elizabeth. "Marion," she added, "show Mrs. Herrick to her room."

The latter was in beautiful order, the bed decked out in the best bed-linen, with freshly laundered covers on dressing-table and chiffonier, and with flowers about the room.

Marion asked if their guest wished a maid's services.

Receiving a brief negative, she quickly withdrew to throw herself on the couch down-stairs and give way to laughter.

"Oh, it is such fun! and mother acts it out so well, if she did forget about the dishes!" she said to her sisters.

The next morning a friend, who was in the secret, called in her carriage to take Mrs. Herrick driving "with friends she wished her to meet"—who proved to be two neighbors. In the afternoon they all sat quietly with their work on the piazza.

One day Elise and her mother returned some calls long due, and everywhere Elise explained that her mother was visiting her, and begged them to call.

Friends planned to call different days, and, entering into the spirit of the thing, Mrs. Her-

rick was invited out informally more than she had been for a year. She thoroughly enjoyed it, and her hostesses declared she looked ten years younger. Elise rearranged the pretty gray hair in a new style which she had learned when away, and it proved vastly becoming. Elizabeth and Marion did all the mending, and Elise, who was unusually deft with her needle, made over a white dress for her guest, so that it looked like new. Elise tried to economize and yet have palatable meals, and she found a certain excitement in her growing success.

But both she and her sisters also realized, as they never had before, how much care, how many unexpected things, turned up every day; how dull the round of household tasks may become in years of performance. They could not understand this fully in three weeks' time; but they received a new impression of a mother's duties and responsibilities in a cookless household where straitened means required the most careful economy. They had supposed themselves well informed and helpful assistants to their mother, and Elise especially was most capable; but it is a very different thing to help an efficient housekeeper when other things do not interfere, and to have the whole care of a household. Even now the care was divided among three, although Elise took the lead; and Elizabeth broke out one day, when interruptions innumerable had delayed the work, and the heat was almost unbearable: "To think of mammy going on this way for years and years, and sewing for us and planning to keep down expenses, and trying to dress three girls before Elise took care of herself!"

"And here I might have saved more and bought her a new dress, instead of just a hat. I don't see why and how my money goes so, when I've always been taught to economize. I must do better next year," Elise said.

"And Elizabeth and I must help more at home. Even when we go to school we might do more, with some planning and extra effort," Marion declared.

"Mercy!" Elizabeth, who never could be grave very long at a time, laughed. "Just hear the reform bills presented before the House of Herrick! If we keep on the millennium will soon arrive and we shall all be grown-up



angels. And here my magazine awaits me, and Antoinette La Rue is impatiently expecting Elise to go to the Macnaughtons' garden-party, and Marion must bend her mind to plan tomorrow's breakfast, as it is her turn. I'm going to forget that I'm one third Cinderella and enjoy my beloved 'Rebecca,' while our guest lolls at her ease in her room. She certainly enjoys her visit more than any guest we ever had." And Elizabeth ran off with a light heart.

The two weeks came to a close; and Mrs. Herrick, who had been driving with a friend, drove up to the gate, and was met by her family with a welcome which was far too heartfelt to be mere acting.

Marion flung her arm about her. "Oh, I'm glad Mrs. Herrick is gone, mammy dear!" she said. "She was pleasant, and a 'real lady,' as Bridget used to say; but I have missed you! Elise is the best elder sister, but mothers are so comfy!" This was unusual from the usually quiet Marion. The other two hovered about her as they all went into the house.

"Well, all joking aside, girls," said Mrs. Herrick, "I am so happy! How well you have done! I did worry a little over the expense, but I hear that Elise met the extras with her own pocket-money, and the regular expenses are as usual. And what a rest it has been to me you cannot think! I am very proud of my girls, and I'm going to tell you a secret: Mothers get rather blue sometimes, thinking that all their sacrifice and labor is taken as a matter of course, and a charming little plan like this cheers and comforts her immensely."

"Elise planned it," said Elizabeth, generously.

"But I never could have carried it out without the girls. I had no idea they were so capable," Elise declared.

The mother hurried out into the kitchen to get the supper. She looked into the refrigerator. There was the fruit, the cold sliced ham on the platter.

"I believe I shall have French toast," she thought, and then started, for Elizabeth stood by her side.

"I'm going to beat the eggs," that irrepressible announced. "You're not going to be out here alone working. I think company is so enlivening, and it oils the wheels, even of a silly fifteen-year-old. And, mother, Marion and I are going to have regular tasks even when we're in school. Elise has talked it over with us. We have always helped by spasms, but now we're going to help every single day, and all pull together."

Elizabeth beat the eggs vigorously as she sang: "'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

But her mother did not answer as usual. She knew this daughter's aversion to kitchen-work, and unexpectedly a mist came before her eyes. The future years took on a rosier hue, for she saw at once that not only in the homely everyday tasks, but in the nearer, closer companionship, she was not to walk alone, but with three to help, not hinder. One had already taken her share of the burden, but now the others were to put their strong, willing shoulders to lift it further; and lo! it was a heavy burden no longer, but light as air.



## A CONTRARY PET.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

My pony 's like a naughty child, and likes to have his way,  
So, when I want to travel on, he always wants to stay!  
And when I want to make a stop, right past the drive he 'll spin,  
And then, when I 've no errand there, insists on going in.  
He bumps me over hummocks when he ought to go quite slow,  
And if I try to hurry him he shakes his head, "no, no."  
I wish he 'd stop a minute, but he 's started out to roam:  
I don't know where we 're going, but I *hope* he 'll take me home!



## PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

### HOW PINKEY TURNED THE TABLES ON HIMSELF.

WITH the approach of "Arbor Day," the teachers of the Enterprise public schools began to make their plans to observe the occasion with ceremonies which should be both enjoyable and appropriate. It was the general desire to create a real and lasting interest in trees and plants among the children, and to this end certain outdoor programs were to be carried out.

This day was one to which all school-children looked forward with a certain amount of pleasure, for the exercises always consumed a part of the study and recitation hours, and sometimes school was dismissed early in honor of the day. This latter possibility was the chief attraction which the day offered to "Pinkey" Perkins, for his boyish mind never could see the real reason why it should take twenty-five or thirty children to plant one or two little trees, and why they always had to be planted on a certain day.

"Say, 'Bunny,'" said Pinkey to Bunny Morris one morning a few days before Arbor Day, "what do you say to going to the country Thursday afternoon? I heard that 'Red Feather' is going to give us a half-holiday as soon as we get the tree planted."

"That 'll be great!" replied Bunny, enthusiastically. "It 'll be worth learning a verse to say at the exercises, and dressing up in your good clothes, if we can get off for the rest o' the afternoon. But how do you know she 's going to do it?"

"Joe Cooper said so, and I guess it came pretty straight. His sister, who teaches in the primary, told him, most likely. He would n't say for certain who told him. There 's no use asking Red Feather."

The proof which Pinkey had produced satisfied Bunny's doubts, and forthwith the pair began laying their plans for their outing.

"Going to the country" meant a visit to the farm of one of Pinkey's uncles, who lived near Enterprise, and included a whole assortment of pleasures gathered together into one delightful excursion. It meant a swim in the pond when the weather was warm enough, a potato and apple roast in an outdoor oven dug in the hillside, and somersaults and other daring acrobatic feats in the large hay-mow.

When the program for Arbor Day had been arranged, each of Red Feather's pupils was given a sentiment or a few appropriate lines of poetry to commit to memory, it being her plan to have all her scholars take part in the actual planting of the tree, and the verse was to be repeated as each pupil tossed his or her shovel-ful of earth around the roots of the tree. The scholars entered into the spirit of the celebration with more interest than was customary on such occasions, for the rumor of a prospective half-holiday had spread through the school and had become a certainty in the minds of all.

Arbor Day came at last, and was heralded with delight on all sides. A more perfect spring day could not have been desired, the soft, balmy air provoking the outdoor spirit in all to arise and demand release from the oppression of the school-room. The morning session went on as usual.

Noontime finally came, and the children hurried homeward to prepare themselves for the afternoon's exercises. It was to be no ordinary occasion. All were to come in their best Sunday attire, and Red Feather had announced that she desired each of her pupils to wear a small twig of some sort in honor of the day.

It was a very different-appearing crowd that filed into the school-room when the last bell rang that afternoon. Several were tardy, their mothers having bestowed many unusual touches to the noonday toilet of their sons and daugh-

ters. Boys, wearing stiff, uncomfortable collars about their seldom-fettered necks, and with shoes which still retained their original store polish and telltale squeak, tiptoed to their seats, their faces shining from the effects of recent scrubbing. Girls, with stiffly starched skirts hovering over new stockings and tightly buttoned shoes, and with their hair so tightly drawn back by their crescent-shaped combs that to close their eyes seemed almost an impossibility, marched proudly to their desks, each evidently remembering her mother's final assertion that she would be the prettiest girl there.

After singing, "Under the Greenwood Tree," as being appropriate to the day they were celebrating, and listening to an elocutionary recitation of "Woodman, Spare that Tree" by a city niece of Red Feather's who was visiting in Enterprise, the pupils were marched from the building to a certain spot in the yard, where preparations had already been made for the planting of the tree. Pinkey and Bunny were sorely disappointed when Red Feather instructed them all to leave their hats on the hooks in the hall, for this meant the loss of at least two minutes, when the exercises should be over, before they could be off. The pupils of the other rooms were congregated here and there in gaily dressed groups, all bent on similar observances of the day.

"I've got old Polly all bridled now," whispered Pinkey to Bunny as the procession wended its way through the yard; "and all we'll have to do as soon as it's over is to get our caps, hurry home and change our clothes, and scoot for the country. I'll come by for you, and you must be all ready."

When all had reached the appointed spot, Red Feather arranged the boys and girls in a circle around the hole in which the tree was to be planted. The tree lay on the ground on one side, and a brand-new shovel, on the handle of which were a few bows of red ribbon, lay on the other. All were anxious for things to begin, and when Red Feather did not seem to be in as much of a hurry as did her pupils, they grew impatient at the delay.

"Now, children," admonished Red Feather, severely, as two or three of the boys began to nudge each other and to give evidences of sup-

pressed mirth, "this is no time for play. We are here to carry out a noble purpose,—one greatly to be admired by all,—and I wish you to conduct yourselves in a manner befitting the occasion."

With that, she detailed Pinkey and Eddie Lewis, whom Pinkey had reason heartily to dislike, to place the tree in position and to support it until enough earth had been thrown in to hold it upright. A sudden movement of the tree, when Red Feather was not looking, caused Eddie to lose his balance and fall into the hole, thus soiling his new shoes and stockings and affording corresponding amusement to the rest of the pupils, among whom Eddie was known as "teacher's pet."

When all was ready the pupils stepped forward, one at a time, and tossed in a shovelful of earth, each pausing long enough to repeat the assigned verse or sentiment. When Pinky's turn came, he failed to experience any thoughts which could be called appropriate to the fulfilment of a noble purpose. He took the shovel, filled it with earth, cleared his throat, and began the recitation of the lines he had committed to memory:

"Here thou hast found a resting-place,  
Where, more and more sublime,  
Thy towering height may glorify  
The corridors of Time."

When he had finished he stepped back into the circle, a load lifted from his mind in the realization that his part was over. More than anything else, Pinkey disliked being required to "speak a piece" of any kind, of any length, and on any subject.

Bunny got off easier than did Pinkey. With his short, jerky style of delivery, he declared that "Great oaks from little acorns grow," hastily tossed a small shovelful of earth against the roots of the tree, and retired from the scene of action.

One after another, the other pupils stepped up and did their parts, until, when "Putty" Black came forward and announced, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," the tree was firmly planted, the earth was well packed about its roots, and the pupils only awaited the word which would set them free.

"That finishes the program, children," said Red Feather; "and now you may all return to the school-house. You will have fifteen minutes for study before I call the 'A' class in grammar."

For a moment the pupils were struck dumb and motionless with amazement. "Return to

himself—"as soon as the tree was planted."

Already the pupils of one of the other rooms were leaving the yard, shouting noisily in anticipation of the afternoon of freedom before them. Pinkey boiled with rage as he saw one of the liberated boys toss a base-ball bat to another, and watched them place their hands

alternately one over the other, contesting for first choice in the prospective game of "scrub." The fact that his dreams for the afternoon had been so ruthlessly shattered made his envy of the pleasure of others seem all the more keen.

"Arbor Day is not a holiday," announced Red Feather with emphasis. "It is a day to be observed in a dignified, serious manner. Pinkerton, you may take the lead in marching back to the schoolhouse."

"I don't see why we can't—"

"Not another word," interrupted Red Feather. "Take your place in front, as I bade you. Your conduct is highly improper, and you shall be punished for it."

Pinkey reluctantly

placed himself at the head of the column, and at the word of command shuffled sullenly along the walk leading to the schoolhouse.

"Pick up your feet, Pinkerton, and walk properly," shouted Red Feather, as she noticed these unmistakable signs of Pinkey's disapproval.

Although Pinkey knew that he would suffer for his open display of resentment, yet his feelings were so rebellious, when he thought of the afternoon's outing of which he and Bunney had



"THE PUPILS STEPPED FORWARD, ONE AT A TIME, AND TOSSED IN A SHOVELFUL OF EARTH."

the school-house!" " 'A' class in grammar!" Could it be that they had understood Red Feather aright? Surely no one could utter such heartless words as these and still live to enforce them! Something dreadful must happen to such a monster!

"Pinkerton, what are you muttering about?" demanded Red Feather, severely, as audible expressions of wrath escaped from Pinkey's lips.

"I thought we were going to have a half-holiday as soon as the old—" Pinkey checked



been "robbed," that he was goaded to further acts of indiscretion. When Red Feather ordered him to stop dragging his feet, he tried walking very slowly and deliberately stepping as high as possible. Going to this extreme only incensed Red Feather all the more, and she pounced upon him with both hands, and subjected him to a series of the most wholesome, teeth-chat-tering shakes that he had experienced for many a day.

All this provoked not a little mirth in the ranks behind Pinkey, and his feelings were somewhat relieved when he heard unmistakable sounds from the rear which told him that he was not the only one in disfavor. Bunny and two or three others were recipients of shakings similar to the one Pinkey had received, for being so indiscreet as to laugh at him.

Red Feather posted herself at the hall door, and with severity marshaled her flock into the school-room, administering reproofing and effective touches here and there, as she detected evidences of undue hilarity or sullenness.

The afternoon session was resumed at once, but study was of the most unsatisfactory character and the recitations were correspondingly poor.

Pinkey sat at his desk, morose and gloomy. The day to which he had looked forward with such bright anticipations was a failure. He

wished he could quit school and never see a book or a slate again. Why did Red Feather take especial delight in picking him out as the one to use as an example for all the rest? It seemed that she had decreed that there should



"THEY SOON HAD THE HOLE READY TO RECEIVE THE TREE. (SEE PAGE 594.)

be no holiday just because he and Bunny had planned an afternoon's enjoyment on this occasion. Had he known that the school board had authorized a half-holiday for the lower grades only, and that Red Feather had nothing to say about it, his indignation probably would not have been so violent nor so lasting. As it was, he merely knew that those rooms below

Red Feather's had been excused, and he could not see why hers was not.

All the afternoon, and on the way home, Pinkey kept revolving in his mind different schemes by which he might show Red Feather that her pupils felt that she had done them a great injustice.

"What 're you goin' to do, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, as the pair wandered disconsolately homeward after school, discussing their blighted afternoon.

"I dunno, exactly," observed Pinkey; but the more they talked about it, the more abused they both felt and the firmer became their resolve to do something about it.

They separated, however, before anything definite was decided upon, and it was not until after supper that evening that a plan occurred to Pinkey which suited him. Once his mind was made up, he lost no time in getting operations under way.

Leaving the house by the front door, he stole silently around to the woodshed, quietly procured the wheelbarrow and the shovel, and departed by way of the back gate for Bunny's house.

Five minutes later Bunny's alert ears caught the sound of Pinkey's low, signal whistle and he knew at once that his presence was desired and that there was something up which needed his assistance. He obeyed the summons as soon as he reasonably could, for any suggestion that there was any connection between the whistle, in case anyone else had heard it, and his departure might bring forth questions which he could not answer.

When he came out he could not locate Pinkey anywhere, then after another whistle from Pinkey, Bunny was able to distinguish a form which he recognized as that of his chum, and on coming closer he was surprised to see also the wheelbarrow and shovel which Pinkey had brought along with him.

"What 's up, Pinkey?" inquired Bunny, in surprise. "What are you goin' to do with the wheelbarrow this time o' night?"

"Goin' to celebrate Arbor Day again," answered Pinkey, without going into details; "come on."

"Goin' to what?" questioned the bewildered Bunny.

"I got enough Arbor Day to-day to last me for a while, didn't you?"

"Yes, but it did n't suit me. I 'm goin' to dig up that tree we planted to-day and take it down to Red Feather's yard and plant it again. She took our holiday away from us so let 's give her the old tree too."

"Whew, Pinkey, that 's what!" exclaimed Bunny, enthusiastically, "won't she be mad when she has to pay to have it brought back?"

"We 'll just show her that if we can't have what 's ours, we do n't want her buying trees for us, and puttin' ribbons on the shovel we plant 'em with."

"Yes, an' makin' us dress up and say a lot o' speeches too." That was the part of the program which had appealed to Bunny less than all the rest.

In high glee, though with as little noise as possible, the pair started for the schoolhouse yard. They took a roundabout way in order to avoid possible detection and approached the enclosure carefully. They found it impossible to take the wheelbarrow through the turnstile and left it outside the fence, at a point as near as possible to the tree. There being only a little-used path on that side of the yard, they were in no danger of being seen.

Silently and hurriedly they worked, first one and then the other, throwing out the earth which was still quite loose, and soon they had reached the roots of the tree. It was now but a small task to lift it from the hole and carry it to the fence.

"Pass 'er over, Bunny," said Pinkey, after he had climbed the fence. "We got to hurry now or it 'll be late before we get through."

With the tree safely loaded on the wheelbarrow, the boys set out for Red Feather's house, several blocks distant. They took the middle of the road for it, that being considered by Pinkey as safer than the sidewalk.

At length they reached the street parallel to that on which Red Feather's house faced. Here they lifted the tree and the shovel from the wheelbarrow and dropped them over the fence into the vacant lot which adjoined Red Feather's back yard. After hiding the wheelbarrow by turning it upside down in the ditch at the side of the road, they climbed the fence, picked

up their tree and shovel again and cautiously approached the house. To their delight, the front part of the house was dark and with proper care they could complete their task without detection.

Selecting a conspicuous spot in the front yard, not far from the gate, Pinkey set to work digging a hole in which to plant the tree. He was relieved by Bunny when he grew tired and, after a few changes, they had the hole ready to receive the tree.

"Never mind sayin' your speech, Bunny," said Pinkey gleefully, when they had set the tree in position, "just you shovel the dirt in as fast as you can while I tramp it down," at the same time holding on to the tree and dancing around it, packing down the loose earth as Bunny threw it in.

"I ought to have a few ribbons on this shovel," observed Bunny, straightening up to rest his back a moment, "I always like to have ribbons on a shovel when I plant trees."

"This is no holiday," repeated Pinkey, after the manner of Red Feather. "This is a serious occasion. Get to work."

Thus joking and in high spirits over their escapade, Pinkey and Bunny completed their task, packed the sod neatly around the trunk of the tree, and stood for a few minutes gazing on their handiwork with unconcealed admiration.

"Looks pretty fine, does n't it," said Bunny, "it seems perfectly at home."

"I wonder if this 'resting-place' will last as long as the other one did," said Pinkey, remembering his verse, "That 'corridor of time' at the schoolhouse yard was a pretty short one, seems to me." At this bright remark they both enjoyed a good laugh.

With one last look at their clever piece of work, and a few contented chuckles, Pinkey and Bunny departed by the route they had come. They loaded the shovel in the wheelbarrow once more and started home well pleased at the outcome of their venture, and feeling that they had well repaid Red Feather for her heartlessness of the afternoon.

"And won't the rest o' the fellers wish they 'd had a hand in it?" said Pinkey, as they separated, "Tell you what, Bunny, it takes us to keep even with Red Feather!"

Pinkey replaced the wheelbarrow and the shovel in the woodshed and entered the house with an air of unconcern that aroused no suspicion that he had been doing anything unusual. It was quite the custom for the boys of Enterprise to congregate in the evening and join in spirited games of "Tally-ho," so his absence caused no comment and brought forth no embarrassing questions.

Next morning, Pinkey and Bunny met on the courthouse corner and proceeded schoolward together. They were still in high spirits over their night's work, and as they walked along they confidentially told several of their companions who joined them, what they had done. As they entered the schoolhouse yard, the open hole, around which several pupils were already gathered, offered conclusive proof of the truth of their assertions, had proof been necessary.

"Here 's Pinkey Perkins!" shouted one. "He knows who did it, don't you, Pinkey?"

"What makes you think so?" replied Pinkey, visibly flattered. "If I did know I would n't tell." There was a knowing look on his face, however, which admitted beyond question that he was the person responsible for the disappearance of the tree.

"Where 'd you take it, Pinkey," demanded Joe Cooper.

"Who said I took it anywhere?" retorted Pinkey.

"I believe I saw it in Red Feather's yard as I came by," spoke up one in whom Pinkey had confided, "maybe she took it home for safe keepin'."

Just then some one noticed Red Feather coming in the gate and the crowd dispersed to see what she would do. Her way led directly past the spot where the day before they had planted the ill-fated tree with so much ceremony. To the disgust of all, she did not even look toward the place. With her eyes straight to the front, she pursued her unerring way to the schoolhouse and disappeared within.

A few minutes later, the last bell pealed forth its summons, the boys put away their marbles and balls and bats, and the girls folded up their skipping ropes, and all filed in and went obediently to their seats. As he sat down,

Pinkey scrutinized Red Feather's face to see if he could foretell what the future had in store for him, but there were no telltale signs there and he was unable to reach any definite conclusions.

When the opening exercises were over, Red Feather arose from her desk and stood at the edge of her platform. For a full minute she stood silently looking over the room. Pinkey began to feel uncomfortable, and try as he would to sit still and appear unconcerned, he

getting the tree I ordered, so was forced to get the one I did for the exercises. I had arranged to have it taken up to-day and planted in my yard, replacing it by the one I had originally ordered.

"I want to thank those of you who so kindly saved me the trouble of having the tree transferred, and who went to all the trouble of doing it for me. I am fully aware of the amount of labor it involved and of the kind thoughts which prompted such a generous act."

By the time Red Feather had finished, Pinkey's face had turned several shades redder than it was at first and had become a brilliant crimson. His eyes shifted helplessly from one corner of his desk to the other and he seemed first hot and then cold. Suppressed titters here and there told him that his companions were having a good laugh at his and Bunny's expense. He was enraged at himself, and at himself alone, for there was certainly no one else to blame that he had failed in turning the tables on Red Feather and had turned them on himself instead. Also, he knew that unless they took a firm stand, he and Bunny were in for it. Their companions would not



"PRESENTLY RED FEATHER BROKE THE HEAVY SILENCE."

could not. He fidgeted in spite of himself. He would have given a good deal to steal a glance at Bunny, to see how he was taking it, but he dared not. He felt his face growing redder and redder in spite of himself and he fastened his gaze on the collar of the boy in front of him.

Presently, Red Feather broke the heavy silence. "Children," said she, with no trace of anger in her voice, "some of you"—and she looked squarely at Pinkey—"have done me a kindness which I very much appreciate and I wish to thank the ones who are responsible. The tree which we planted yesterday was not the kind the school board desires planted in the schoolhouse yard. I was disappointed in not

fail to improve such an excellent opportunity to tease them.

Pinkey managed to brace up a little and to shake off his depression to a certain extent, until by recess time he had almost resumed his usual assurance.

"Where are you goin' to plant your tree now, Pinkey," asked Joe Cooper, as they were leaving the room to enjoy their morning playtime.

"I 'm goin' to leave it right where it is. If I 'd take it to the north pole, Red Feather 'd say she was just goin' to send it up there. Now the next feller that says 'tree' to me will wish he had n't," and Pinkey's manner indicated that the less said about Arbor Day the better for all concerned.



## A SUGGESTION.

STACY E. BAKER

Who shall be queen of the May, to-day;  
Verna, or Dora, or Belle, or Bess?  
This is the way to be gay, to-day;  
Each little lady may play, to-day,  
Royalty's plenty. I say, to-day,  
Titles all four of them may possess

Verna, the countess of verdant leas;  
Dora, the duchess of dale and dell;  
Belle, as the princess of birds and bees;  
Bessie, the empress of calm and breeze—  
A truce to the queen of the May, when these  
Are titles that please as well!



F. E. STORER '06



## THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### FORMING THE HOCKEY TEAM.

"Candidates wanted for Hockey team. All those who have played or would like to play please attend the meeting in the Gym at 4 P. M. on Friday.

*"J. S. Rogers,*

*"T. H. Eaton,*

*"Roy Porter."*

THIS notice appeared on the board in School Hall the last day of November, and when, four days later, the meeting was called to order by Jack Rogers there were some twenty-five fellows adorning the wooden benches in the locker room. A handful of the number had come for want of anything better to do, for it was a dismal, wet afternoon offering little encouragement to those whose tastes turned toward out-of-door pursuits. For once the line separating the "Burlenites" and the "Porterites" was not closely drawn, for there were not a few of the former present, their desire for a chance to play hockey overcoming their allegiance to Horace. Needless to say, however, neither Horace nor Otto was on hand.

"Somebody turn that switch," began Jack, "and give us some light. That 's better. This meeting has been called by a few of us who want to get up a hockey team. I don't know much about hockey myself and so I'll let Porter do the talking. He started the thing, anyhow, and ought to have the fun of speechifying to you. But I'd like to say that, as you all know, Hammond has been playing hockey for five or six years and has challenged us almost every year to play her. If Hammond has a team we ought to have one, too. And if we have one maybe we can lick her at hockey just as we have at football." (Deafening applause.) "There is no reason why we should n't. Here, Roy, you tell them the rest."

Roy got up rather embarrassedly and faced the meeting.

"Well, all I've got to say is that hockey is a dandy game and we ought to have a team—if only to lick Hammond." (Renewed applause.) "It is n't a difficult game to learn if a fellow can skate half decently and it does n't require much of an outlay. We've talked to Mr. Cobb and he has secured permission for the formation of a team. And he knows something about the game himself and will help us all he can. Our idea was to build a rink along the river about where the old ferry landing is. Doctor Emery says we can use what lumber there is in the landing and shed to build the rink with. And I think there'll be more than we need. Then we'd get a pump and pump water in from the river."

"Why not play on the river?" asked a boy.

"Well, that was the idea in the first place, answered Roy, "but Mr. Cobb thought we'd better have a regular rink. It's hard to play without boundaries because your puck gets away from you and you have to chase it all around the shop. Then, too, Mr. Cobb says that half the time the ice would be too rough or too much broken up to allow of playing on it. We've figured it up and think the outside cost of the whole thing, rink, pump, goals and sticks won't be much over eighty dollars."

"How are you going to raise it?" asked one of the audience.

"That 's what we've got to decide on," said Roy. "I suppose we could n't get nearly that much by subscription?"

Several shook their heads, and,—

"I do n't believe we could," said Chub. "But we might get half of it. If every fellow gave a dollar—"

"Seems to me," said the boy who had raised the question, "that the fellows who make the team ought to do the subscribing."

"I do n't think so," said Jack. "If we made the football and baseball teams pay all their expenses I guess we would n't have them very

long. It ought to be worth a dollar to every fellow here to have a good hockey team."

"That 's so," assented Chub.

"Well," went on Roy, "I wanted to hear what you 'd say about it, but I did n't think we could get the money that way, not all of it, I mean. So I thought of another scheme. Why could n't we get up an entertainment of some kind and charge admission. How would that do?"

"Great!"

"Swell!"

"Fine and dandy!"

"Chub can sing 'The Old Ark's A-movin'!"

"Cole can do his card stunts!"

"Cut it out, fellows," said Jack. "Let's get the matter settled; it's getting late."

So they got down to business again and Jack, Chub and Roy were formed into an Entertainment Committee. After that Roy took the floor again.

"How many of you fellows will come out for practice?" he asked. Practically every hand went up. "How many have played hockey?" Twelve hands. "All right. We'll divide into two teams, first and second, and as fast as the fellows on the second show that they can play well they'll be put on the first. We probably won't be able to begin work on the ice until after Christmas Recess. But as soon as we get some money we'll send for goals and sticks and pucks. Then we'll put one of the goals up here on the floor and practice shooting. Later we'll have another meeting, after practice has begun, and elect a captain and a manager. And as soon as we get the manager we'll send a challenge to Hammond. Now you fellows give your names to Chub Eaton before you go out, and watch for notices on the board in School Hall."

That was the beginning of the Ferry Hill School Hockey Association, which still flourishes and has to its credit several notable victories. It was Roy's idea from the first. He had played hockey a good deal and had seen many of the college and school games, and he had been surprised to learn that Ferry Hill had never had a team. It was easy to enlist Chub in the project of forming a club, and not very difficult to interest Jack. Mr. Cobb had been quite enthusiastic but doubtful of success.

"They've tried to form a hockey team two or three times," he said, "and never did it. But I don't want to discourage you chaps. I've got permission from the Doctor, so you go right ahead. Try to get the whole school interested in it; that's the only way to do."

By the middle of December the old ferry house and landing had been demolished and the planks had been built into a three-foot barrier or fence enclosing a space sixty feet wide by one hundred and twenty feet long. All that remained was to flood the enclosed ground with water to the depth of four or five inches and allow it to freeze. A hand suction pump had been ordered from a dealer at Silver Cove, but there was delay and in the end it did not reach the school until two days before vacation. However, as December proved unusually mild, there was no harm done. Meanwhile the goals, pucks and sticks had arrived and practice at shooting and stick-handling was held five afternoons a week in the gymnasium. At the second meeting of the candidates the Entertainment Committee was able to report a plan for the entertainment. There was to be a minstrel show followed by a series of tableaux in the gymnasium the night before the beginning of Christmas Recess.

"Now," said Jack, who was explaining, "you chaps will have to get busy and interest every fellow you know in the affair. We want a good big crowd for the minstrels; we ought to have at least two dozen fellows. There will be another meeting here to-morrow night and I want each one of you to bring me the names of fellows who are willing to take part. And you must let me know what they can do, whether they can sing or recite or do sleight of hand tricks, you know. And now I want to propose that we make Harry Emery an associate member of the Club. You see, we realized that we would n't be able to do much in the way of costuming without her help, so we laid the matter before her. And she went right into it; suggested the tableaux feature and offered to take part herself." (Laughter from the audience.) "So I think she ought to be taken in."

"We ought to make Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman associate members, too," suggested Chub.

So Harry and the two instructors were duly

admitted, and the meeting went into the plans for the entertainment. Sid, one of the most enthusiastic members present, reminded every one that he could play the banjo, and Jack promised to let him do his worst. Roy was elected temporary captain and manager and Jack temporary treasurer. Then an assessment of fifty cents each was levied and Jack spent the best part of three days collecting the sums. He, Roy, Chub and two others had gone down into their pockets and advanced the money for the goals, sticks and pucks, and with Christmas Recess drawing near they were anxious to get some of it back. The rink was to be paid for in January and the pump on its arrival. It was going to be necessary to collect something over sixty dollars from the entertainment, and the committee was getting anxious. There was little time for rehearsal, and, with Horace and Otto doing all in their power to throw cold water on the scheme, Roy and his friends had plenty to worry them.

But Harry proved a brick. She went into it to the present exclusion of all else and made things hum. She talked it up everywhere she went with the result that the affair was extensively advertised before it was well on foot. Harry attended a girls' academy at Silver Cove, and she was n't satisfied until every pupil there had faithfully promised to attend the entertainment. She also persuaded Mr. Buckman to take part, something that Jack and the others had failed at. Mr. Cobb had already consented to sing and do a monologue. Then Harry devised costumes and found them, levying on the wardrobes of most of her friends and acquaintances. And in spite of the fact that she and Chub and Jack and Roy met at least twice a day she still maintained her air of polite indifference toward the latter.

When the morning of the day of the entertainment arrived affairs seemed in the wildest chaos and even Harry lost her head for a while. Some of the promised participators had backed down at the last moment, the principal soloist had a bad cold, the stage was still unbuilt, several of the costumes were yet wanting and Harris and Kirby, down for a duet and dance, were n't on speaking terms! And just as though all that was n't enough to drive the

committee distracted, Chub had appeared at breakfast with a long face and announced that he had forgotten to mail the poster to Hammond Academy. In support of the assertion he produced it, stamped and addressed. It had been lying in his pocket for three days. As Hammond with its seventy-odd students had been counted on to send quite a delegation, this was a hard blow. But Jack, with the cheerfulness of desperation, obtained permission to deliver the poster by messenger and sent Sid Welch across the river with it at nine o'clock.

That was certainly a day of troubles. Luckily there were few recitations for anyone. Jack and Chub spent most of the morning directing and aiding in the erection of the stage at the end of the gymnasium. The stage was a sectional affair which, when not in use, was stored in the furnace room. Unfortunately one section seemed to be missing, and putting the thing together was, as Chub said, like joining one of those geographical puzzles.

And presently he came back staggering under what looked like a length of board walk.

"Funny you fellows could n't find this," he said disgustedly as he swung one end around against the wall and brought down six pairs of dumb-bells. "It was right in plain sight, they were using it for a carpenter's bench."

After that it was plain sailing until they came to the curtain. It was a beautiful thing, that curtain, fourteen feet wide and twelve feet long and bearing a picture of Niagara Falls in blue, green, purple and pink surrounded by a wreath of crimson cabbages — only they were supposed to be roses. Despite its beauty, work up and down it would not. Half-way up it began to arrange itself in artistic folds, apparently forgetting all about the wooden roller at the bottom. Once it came down unexpectedly on Chub's head, and Chub danced around and shook his fist at it and declared that he'd cut holes in it for two cents. No one offered to put up the two cents and so the curtain was saved. In the end Jack manufactured a new pulley-block and after that the foolish thing worked charmingly every other time.

"All we'll have to do," said Warren, disgustedly, "will be to make believe pull it up before we really mean to."

"Kind of disconcerting to the fellows on the stage," commented Jack, "but I guess that's what we'll have to do."

The drop curtain, showing a lovely sylvan glade in unwholesome shades of green, went up without trouble at the back of the stage, but the pieces at the sides, very frayed trees with impossible foliage, refused to stand up.

"We'll have to make props," said Chub. "I don't blame the old things for wanting to lie down; it makes me tired just to look at them."

But when, finally, the stage was set and the boys stood off at a respectful distance and examined it, it really looked very well. Chub admired the effect of distance and wondered where the path led to. Warren said he'd like to meet the man who had chiseled out the statue under the trees, and another fellow wanted to go bird-egging. Then they arranged the chairs and benches in rows. They had gathered chairs of every description from all over the school and the effect was finely democratic. Doctor Emery's leather arm chair hobnobbed socially with a plain pine chair from the dining hall and Mr. Buckman's favorite hour-glass chair appeared to be trying to make an impression on Harry's rattan rocker, the latter looking very dressy with its pink silk head-rest.

They went to dinner feeling rather more encouraged and found that Sid had returned with good tidings. Hammond had learned of the entertainment several days before and had been waiting eagerly for an invitation to attend. And every fellow was coming, declared Sid. Roy, who had taken a flying trip to the town for red and blue cheesecloth, reported excellent progress on the last of the costumes. And Post, who could n't eat any dinner because he had been filling himself up all day with cough syrup and licorice lozenges, thought he might be able to sing, after all. The last rehearsal was at three o'clock, and after it was over Jack shook his head dismally.

"I never saw such a bum show in my life," he declared gloomily. "And talk about singing! Say, I wonder if we can bribe Post to stay away tonight?"

"Why, I thought everything went beautifully!" declared Harry. "You wait until to-night; they'll do a lot better."

"The chorus work was all right," said Chub. "And the tableaux were simply swell. I do wish, though, that Bacon would n't look as though he was going to die every minute!"

"But those jokes!" groaned Jack.

"Oh, never mind; I've heard lots of worse ones," answered Roy cheerfully.

"Not outside of a Sunday newspaper supplement, I'll wager," said Jack. That one about Mr. Cobb and Miss Webb, and falling in love with her the first time he 'spider' is the limit. I heard that when I was three years old!"

"That's all right, folks like 'em old at a minstrel show," answered Chub. "Old wine to drink, old books to read, old jokes to —"

"To cry over," prompted Jack. "All right. No use in cutting up rough now. We'll have to make the best of a bad show. Just so long as Harris and Kirby don't start to using their fists on each other during their turn I suppose I can't kick."

"Well, let's go to supper," said Roy.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ENTERTAINMENT AND HOW IT ENDED.

Entertainment for the Benefit of the Ferry Hill School Hockey Association in the Gymnasium, Wednesday Evening, December 22d.

### Programme.

#### PART I.

OVERTURE: "*Uncle Sammy*," . . . ORCHESTRA

#### FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

The World-Famous Aggregation of Senegambian Entertainers known as the Darktown Minstrels, just returned from their Triumphant Tour of Europe, Asia, Africa and New Jersey, where they delighted Royalty and barely escaped with their Lives!

#### ONE NIGHT ONLY!! READ THE NAMES!!

*Interlocutor* . . . . . MR. ROGERS  
*Bones* . . . . . MESSRS. POST AND HARRIS  
*Tambourines* . . . . . MESSRS. EATON AND WHITCOMB  
*Disturbers-of-the-Peace*, . . MESSRS. COBB, BUCKMAN, THURLOW, FORREST, GALLUP, KIRBY, WARREN, PRYOR, BACON, STONE, HARRIS, SHATTUCK, PATTEN AND WELCH.

*Solos* (the audience permitting) by MESSRS. COBB, POST, THURLOW and FORREST.

*Duets* (at any cost) by MESSRS. BUCKMAN AND COBB, HARRIS AND KIRBY.

*Monologues* by . . . . . MR. COBB

*Imitations* by . . . . . MR. EATON



"THEY HAD GATHERED CHAIRS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
FROM ALL OVER THE HOUSE."

To be followed by the First Appearance in this part of the Country of Professor Carlos Cole, Prince of Prestidigitators, in Astounding Card Tricks, Marvelous Feats of Sleight of Hand and Appalling Wonders of White and Black Magic never before seen on any Stage and not likely to be again! (The Management earnestly requests Members of the Audience not to loan the Professor either money or hats. The Management will not be responsible for the Return of such Articles.)

The Whole to Terminate in a Beautiful and Fantastic Revelry of Song and Mirth entitled:

"Christmas Eve on the Plantation!"

#### INTERMISSION.

##### PART II.

#### OVERTURE: "Medley of College Airs" . . ORCHESTRA COLLEGE TABLEAUX.

- |                        |             |
|------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Yale . . . . .      | MR. BACON   |
| 2. Harvard . . . . .   | MR. PORTER  |
| 3. Princeton . . . . . | MR. EATON   |
| 4. Cornell . . . . .   | MR. WARREN  |
| 5. Columbia . . . . .  | MR. GALLUP  |
| 6. Dartmouth . . . . . | MR. FORREST |
| 7. Vassar . . . . .    | MISS EMERY  |

#### ENSEMBLE.

SONG: "The School on the Hill."

The Audience will please join in the singing.

- |                                   |            |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Stage Manager . . . . .           | MR. ROGERS |
| Assistant Stage Manager . . . . . | MR. EATON  |
| Property Man . . . . .            | MR. PORTER |
| Electrician . . . . .             | MR. PRYOR  |
| Prompter . . . . .                | MR. THAYER |
| Wardrobe Lady . . . . .           | MISS EMERY |

Automobiles and launches may be ordered for 10:45.  
There's no harm in ordering.

The Audience is earnestly requested not to throw garden truck or hennery produce. Bricks may be obtained from the Gentlemanly Ushers.

Attendants will report promptly to the Management any inattention on the part of the Audience.

Persons unable to resist weeping at the jokes will please step outside. Rain checks may be had at the door.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

VOL. XXXIII.—76.

THE public acted very considerably that evening. Whether the report had got around that Ferry Hill needed sixty dollars for her hockey team I can't say, but it's a fact that when the curtain went up—only twenty minutes late!—there were exactly one hundred and twenty-eight persons in the gymnasium who had paid for admission, and as the price was fifty cents apiece the one hundred and twenty-eight persons meant just sixty-four dollars in the cigar box on the table by the door! Hammond turned out in force, almost sixty of her boys attending; Miss Cutler's School for Young Ladies was well represented by twenty-two of Harry's schoolmates under the protection of Miss Letitia Cutler herself; the village contributed generously; while as for Ferry Hill, every youth not holding an official position of some sort—and there were few that did n't—was on hand, even Horace and Otto being unable to resist the promises of the programme, while the culinary and dormitory force, as well as John the gardener and general factotum, were huddled about the door. Down in the second row sat Doctor and Mrs. Emery and some friends from the village. Walker and Fernald made most presentable ushers, and, as their duties consisted principally of supplying programmes and answering questions, they did finely.



I'm not going to attempt a description of the first part of that entertainment. In the first place it was beyond description, far too stupendous and awe-inspiring for my pen to do justice to. From the time the curtain arose—as correctly as though it had never misbehaved!—revealing the World Famous Aggregation of Senegambian Entertainers until—well, until it fell hurriedly two hours later, everything went beautifully. Of course there were little misadventures, but such are expected and only add to the hilarity of an amateur show. When Chub's tambourine flew whirling out of his hand and fell into Mrs. Emery's lap it seemed an excellent joke. When Warren fell over a chair and landed on all fours in front of the descending curtain everybody applauded uproariously. When, in the plantation sketch, the roof of the log-cabin fell in because Post had thoughtlessly leaned against the door-frame, and Sid, in the role of Aunt Dinah, floundered terrifiedly out through the window with a spirited rending of feminine garments the audience rocked in merriment.

The orchestra, a Silver Cove combination of piano, flute and violin, did wonderfully considering the fact that it had attended but one rehearsal. The solos, especially Mr. Cobb's and Tom Forrest's, were cordially received. Harris and Kirby buried the hatchet temporarily and got through "Shine, Silv'ry Star" most brilliantly and had to give an encore. Mr. Cobb and Mr. Buckman did a ludicrous negro song which brought the house down, though not in the same way as Post had. The chorus work was good and the jokes took just as well as though they had been all fresh and new. Some few of them were. When Post asked Rogers if he knew what the principal article of diet was at the school across the river, and when he was finally prevailed on to dispel the interlocutor's ignorance and replied "Hammond eggs," the visitors from Hammond shrieked their appreciation. When Harris explained that Ferry Hill was the brightest school in the country because the students had their wits sharpened by Emery, the Doctor chuckled most appreciatively. Even the punning joke to which Jack Rogers had taken exception and which related the matrimonial adventures of

Mr. Cobb and a fictitious Miss Webb went well.

Chub's imitations were distinctly clever, that of Mr. Buckman coaching the crew throwing the Ferry Hill portion of the assemblage at least into convulsions. Sid "did his worst," according to promise, and made a hit more by his earnest desire to please than by any musical results obtained from his banjo. Mr. Cobb's monologues were screamingly funny and he had hard work getting away from the audience. Professor Carlos Cole, better known as Charlie Cole of the Middle Class, did n't quite make good all the promises of the programme, but executed some clever tricks of palming and even managed, with some difficulty, to extract one of Harry's pigeons out of an empty bottle—with the aid of a voluminous handkerchief which fluttered suspiciously when produced. The sketch entitled "Christmas Eve on the Plantation" went better than anyone dared hope, principally, perhaps, for the reason that about everybody forgot his lines and did what and how he pleased. The first half came to a triumphant end with the entire company of entertainers filling the little stage and vigorously proclaiming that they were "going to live, anyhow, until they died."

During the intermission black-faced youths emerged from the dressing-room under the balcony and visited friends in the audience and the orchestra performed its "Medley of College Airs." The programme's announcement of College Tableaux had whetted the audience's curiosity, and when the hall was darkened, the bell tinkled and the curtain—still on its good behavior—rolled noiselessly up there was a general craning forward of heads.

The painted back drop had given way to a curtain of white cloth. In front of it stood a large oblong frame of wood covered with gilt paper. Behind the latter, like a picture in its frame, stood Bacon on a little white-draped dais, impersonating a Yale oarsman. His costume was a blue sleeveless jersey with a white Y stitched on it, white trunks, turned-down socks and rowing-shoes. In his right hand he supported an oar with a blue blade. A gas pipe had been run around the inner side of the frame and the dozens of little jets threw a brilliant light on the motionless figure. The ap-

plause was instant and hearty. Bacon kept the pose for a minute while the orchestra played "Boola," and then the curtain fell again. Presently it went up to reveal Roy in his crimson sweater, moleskin trousers, crimson stockings and tan shoes. A white H adorned the front of the sweater and under his arm was a football. Again the applause, quite as hearty as before,

as a Cornell oarsman, Gallup as a Columbia tennis player and Tom Forrest, with a sixteen-pound hammer behind him, poised for a throw. Forrest wore Dartmouth's colors and made an unmistakable hit.

But the audience was agog for the next picture. Harry had devised the tableaux and had insisted upon being allowed to appear as Vassar. And although to Jack and Chub and Roy a girls' college had seemed out of place on the programme, yet they were too grateful to Harry for her assistance to think of refusing her. And when the curtain rolled up for the last time they were all very glad they had n't. For Harry was the success of the evening.

She was standing two-thirds-face to the audience, a black mortar-board cap on her head, a flowing black gown reaching to her feet and a book under her arm. The pose was grace itself. But the crowning glory of the picture was Harry's hair. She had coiled it at the back of her little head, thereby adding several years to her apparent age, and the intense light of the sizzling gas-jets made it glow and shimmer like red gold. A very bright, happy and demure-looking Vassar student she made, and a pretty one, too. Roy, watching from the wings, could hardly believe that the smiling, grown-up young lady in front of him was the red-haired little minx who had "sassed" him so sharply in the stable yard that first day of their acquaintance.

The applause grew and grew; at the back of the hall John, the gardener, had forgotten his awe of the surroundings and was "hurrahing" loudly, egged on by the admiring women servants. And then suddenly the applause gave place to cries of alarm. Persons in the front row sprang to their feet. Those behind them pushed back their chairs and, without knowing the cause, became imbued with the panic of those in front. Some one cried "Fire!" and instantly the place was in an uproar.

But those in the wings had seen as quickly as those in the audience and it was Roy who dashed across the stage, picked Harry bodily from the dais, laid her down and crushed the flames out of her black gown with his hands before any of the others near by had recovered from their momentary panic. Harry, white-faced but silent through it all, was helped



"CHUB'S TAMBOURINE FLEW WHIRLING OUT OF HIS HANDS AND FELL INTO MRS. EMERY'S LAP."

while the strains of "Up the Street" came from the orchestra.

Chub, who came next, represented a Princeton baseball player, striped stockings on his sturdy legs, grey shirt over his black jersey, a grey cap set rakishly over his smiling face and a mask and ball under his arm. The applause seemed to be more a tribute to Chub, the captain of the Ferry Hill Nine, than to the picture he made or the college he represented. After the music of "Old Nassau" had ceased the curtain fell once more. Then followed Warren

unharméd to her feet and the curtain came down with a rush. It had been "a narrow squeeze," away for a space of several feet up one side.



"IT WAS ROY WHO DASHED ACROSS THE STAGE."

as Chub excitedly termed it, but, save for a fright, Harry was none the worse for the happening. But the same could not be said for her black gown. It had fluttered against one of the gas-jets, caught fire and had been burned away for a space of several feet up one side.

Doctor and Mrs. Emery joined Roy, Mr. Cobb and Jack as they conducted Harry to the dressing-room and they were both embarrassingly profuse in their praise of Roy's presence of mind. The Doctor insisted on shaking hands, and it was then that the discovery was made that while the rescued had escaped injury the rescuer had not. Both of Roy's hands were pretty badly scorched, although Roy tried to convince them that they were not. Mr. Cobb sent for oil and bandages and Harry, in order to reassure the audience, was led before the curtain, where she received applause more hearty than ever. The incident had effectually ended the evening's performance and the singing of the school song was omitted. When Harry came back to the dressing-room, still pale and rather sober, she walked over to Roy who, was seated awaiting the "first aid to the injured," and, as she could not grasp his scorched hands, she impulsively leaned over and

kissed his cheek. "Please, Roy," she whispered, "thank you very, very much! I shan't forget it. You were so good, so generous. And—I and I'm sorry I was so low-down mean!"

(To be continued.)



LITTLE LUCY BULL-BEAR.

## A LITTLE INDIAN SCHOOL

BY T. R. PORTER.

OUT on the bleak prairie of South Dakota, in the valley of a little stream known as Wounded Knee Creek, there is a frame school-house where all the pupils are Indians. In the old days, before they were confined on great bodies of land called reservations, the Indians used to hunt all over the great western country; and while none of them could read and write, yet even the small boys could follow a trail across the prairie many days after it was made, and they could tell, from looking at the pony-tracks, whether the rider was a white man or an Indian.

But after the last Indian war had been settled — after the braves had buried the hatchet and the “peace papers” had been signed by all the great Indian chiefs — the government built school-houses in many portions of the reservations, and white teachers were sent to

teach the Indians how to read and to write and to become good citizens.

And the pupils are not all boys and girls, either, but there are some men and women in every school. In this particular school in the Wounded Knee Valley there is one boy about fifteen years old; the boy’s father, who is forty-five years old; and the boy’s grandfather, an old man seventy years old, all going to school in the same room and all studying the same books and the same lessons; and the boy learns more easily and rapidly than his father or grandfather does.

When the little Indian boys and girls first come to school, they wear the picturesque clothes which the Indians wear in their half-savage state. But as soon as they are enrolled the government supplies them with clothing

like that the white people wear. Here is a picture of little Lucy Bull-bear, just as she came to school the first day; but the next day little Lucy was dressed in a common calico dress, and her pretty Indian clothes were laid away. Lucy's father was a great warrior when he was a young man, and he was a great chief when he grew older; but he wants his little girl to learn to read and to write, to sew and to cook, and to keep house as white girls do.

Over at a school in Montana, a little Indian girl one day came to school wearing a purple velvet dress covered with two thousand elk teeth. The dress was made just like a meal-sack, with arm-holes and a hole for the head; but the elk teeth are worth about two and a half dollars each, so that this little girl's dress could have been sold for five thousand dollars.

The little Indians, when they first come to school, do not know how to do anything at all. They cannot even talk English, and first they have to learn a new language before they can learn to read. Yet they do this very quickly, and in a few weeks they can talk English quite well; but it takes a long time for them to learn to read. And all the time that they are learning to read and write, they are also learning to do the things which any little American boy or girl does naturally. The girls are taught to sew and to cook and to sweep; while the boys learn to

cut wood, to farm, and to take care of horses, pigs, and cows. The larger girls cook lunch for the little girls and the boys, and all the schools are provided with kitchens and dining-rooms. There is also a little farm attached to each school, and in it the boys grow all the vegetables eaten in the school.

When recess time comes, the little Indians get out and play just as the white children do. They have bows and arrows, and balls and bats, and everything of that kind, and they make just as much noise as the girls and boys at any American school make.

White people used to think the Indians never smiled and never laughed; but that was because the Indians were shy and backward when white people were around. When the Indians get out by themselves, they laugh and joke and have great fun.

Every year three or four of the brightest pupils at each school are taken down to the agency, where the Indian agent lives, and are there placed in the boarding-school, which is equipped by the government. At this big school there are always several hundred Indian boys and girls, and the government pays all their expenses. Here they learn many things not taught at the day-schools. They have sewing societies for the girls, and a printing-office and a brass band for the boys. The girls



INDIAN SCHOOL AT WOUNDED KNEE CREEK.





INDIAN TEPES.

make the clothes that both the girls and boys wear, and the boys, in turn, make shoes for them all. The boys work the farm, and tend the stock, and work in the harness-shop and the carpenter-shop, and learn all sorts of useful things of that kind; while the girls learn to sew and to cook and to take care of a house.

But after the little Indian is through school he is still far, far behind the average white boy or girl; for he has never had an opportunity of seeing railroad trains and street-cars, and electric lights and gas-stoves, and sewing-machines, and thousands of things with which white children are surrounded.

## "OLD MAMMY TIPSYTOES!"

BY TUDOR JENKS.

OFTEN, on some sunny day,  
When little girls come out to play,  
You'll see one strutting, head held high,  
While after her, with mocking cry,  
Her little playmates hurry by.  
Suddenly she turns about  
And puts the mocking throng to rout.  
They're playing, every toddler knows,  
The game "Old Mammy Topsytoes!"

Now, who *was* "Mammy Topsytoes?"  
Where did she live, do you suppose?  
Was she a duchess stiff and proud  
That children mocked with jeering loud?  
And did *she* turn and chase the crowd?  
If she caught one — what did she do?  
I don't know, and so ask you.  
Is there some little girl who knows  
Who *was* "Mammy Topsytoes?"



PRESIDENT LINCOLN RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE  
UNION TROOPS AT BULL RUN.

## THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

### VII.

#### LINCOLN AND THE WAR.

It is one thing to be elected President of the United States. That means triumph, honor, power. It is quite another thing to perform the duties of President, for that means labor, disappointment, difficulty, even danger. Many a man envied Abraham Lincoln when, in the stately pomp of inauguration and with the plaudits of the spectators ringing about him, he took the oath of office which for four years transforms an American citizen into the ruler of these United States. Such envy would have been changed to deepest sympathy if they could have known what lay before him. After the music and cannon were dumb, after the flags were all furled and the cheering crowds had vanished, the shadows of war fell about the Executive Mansion, and its new occupant remained face to face with his heavy task—a task which, as he had truly said in his speech at Springfield, was greater than that which rested upon Washington.

Then, as never before, he must have realized the peril of the nation, with its credit gone, its laws defied, its flag insulted. The South had carried out its threat, and seven million Americans were in revolt against the idea that "all men are created equal," while twenty million other Americans were bent upon defending that idea. For the moment both sides had paused to see how the new President would treat this attempt at secession. It must be constantly borne in mind that the rebellion in the Southern States with which Mr. Lincoln had to deal was not a sudden revolution, but a conspiracy of slow growth and long planning. As one of its actors frankly admitted, it was "not an event of a day. It is not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln's election. . . . It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years." Its

main object, it must also be remembered, was the spread of slavery. Alexander H. Stephens, in a speech made shortly after he became the Confederate Vice President, openly proclaimed slavery to be the "corner-stone" of the new government. For years it had been the dream of southern leaders to make the Ohio River the northern boundary of a great slave empire, with everything lying to the south of that, even the countries of South and Central America, as parts of their system. Though this dream was never to be realized, the Confederacy finally came to number eleven States (Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, North Carolina, Florida, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia), and to cover a territory of 733,144 square miles, quite as large as England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Germany and Switzerland put together, with a coast line 3,500 miles long, and a land frontier of over 7,000 miles.

President Buchanan's timidity and want of spirit had alone made this great rebellion possible, for although it had been "gathering head for thirty years" it was only within the last few months that it had come to acts of open treason and rebellion. President Buchanan had opportunity and ample power to crush it when the conspirators first began to show their hands. Instead he wavered, and delayed, while they grew bold under his lack of decision, imagining that they would have a bloodless victory, and even boasting that they would take Washington for their capital; or, if the new President should thwart them and make them fight, that they would capture Philadelphia and dictate the peace they wanted from Independence Hall.

By the time Mr. Lincoln came into office the conspiracy had grown beyond control by any means then in the hands of a President, though men on both sides still vainly hoped that the troubles of the country might be settled without fighting. Mr. Lincoln especially wished to make

very sure that if it ever came to a matter of war, the fault should not lie with the North.

In his inaugural address he had told the South that he would use the power confided to him to hold and occupy the places belonging to the Government, and to collect the taxes; but beyond what might be necessary for these objects, he would not use force among the people anywhere. His peaceful policy was already harder to follow than he realized. Before he had been President twenty-four hours word came from Major Anderson, still defying the conspirators from Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, that his little garrison was short of food, and must speedily surrender unless help reached them. The rebels had for weeks been building batteries to attack the fort, and with Anderson's report came the written opinions of his officers that it would require an army of 20,000 men to relieve it. They might as well have asked for twenty thousand archangels, for at that time the entire army of the United States numbered but 17,113 men, and these were doing duty, not only in the Southern and Eastern States, but were protecting settlers from Indians on the great western frontier, and guarding the long Canadian and Mexican boundaries as well. Yet Anderson and his men could not be left to their fate without even an attempt to help them, though some of the high military and naval officers hastily called into council by the new President advised this course. It was finally decided to notify the Confederates that a ship carrying food, but no soldiers, would be sent to his relief. If they chose to fire upon that it would be plainly the South and not the North, that began the war.

Days went on, and by the middle of April the Confederate government found itself forced to a fatal choice. Either it must begin war, or allow the rebellion to collapse. All its claims to independence were denied; the commissioners it sent to Washington on the pretense that they were agents of a foreign country were politely refused a hearing, yet not one angry word, or provoking threat, or a single harmful act had come from the "Black Republican" President. In his inaugural he had promised the people of the South peace and protection, had offered them the benefit of the mails. Even now, all he

proposed to do was to send bread to Anderson and his hungry soldiers. His prudent policy placed them where, as he had told them, they could have no war unless they themselves chose to begin it.

They did choose to begin it. The rebellion was the work of ambitious men, who had no mind to stop at that late day, and see their labor go for nothing. The officer in charge of their batteries was ordered to open fire on Fort Sumter if Anderson refused to surrender; and in the dim light of dawn on April 12, 1861, just as the outline of Fort Sumter began to show itself against a brightening sky, the shot that opened the Civil War rose from a rebel battery and made its slow and graceful curve upon Sumter. Soon all the batteries were in action, and the fort was replying with a will. Anderson held out for a day and a half, until his cartridges were all used up, his flagstaff had been shot away, and the wooden buildings inside the fort were on fire. Then, as the ships with supplies had not yet arrived, and he had neither food nor ammunition, he was forced to surrender.

The news of the firing upon Fort Sumter changed the mood of the country as if by magic. By deliberate act of the Confederate government its attempt at peaceable secession had been changed to active war. The Confederates gained Fort Sumter, but in doing so they roused the patriotism of the North to a firm resolve that this insult to the flag should be redressed, and that the unrighteous experiment of a rival government founded upon slavery as its "corner-stone," should never succeed. In one of his speeches on the journey to Washington Mr. Lincoln had said that devoted as he was to peace, it might become necessary to "put the foot down firmly." That time had now come: On April 15, the day after the fall of Fort Sumter, all the newspapers of the country printed the President's call to arms, ordering out 75,000 militia for three months, and directing Congress to meet in special session on July 4, 1861. The North rallied instantly to the support of the Government, and offered him twice the number of soldiers he asked for.

Nothing more clearly shows the difference between President Lincoln and President Buchanan than the way in which the two men met

the acts of the Southern Rebellion. President Buchanan temporized and delayed when he had plenty of power. President Lincoln, without a moment's hesitation accepted the great and unusual responsibility thrust upon him, and at once issued orders for buying ships, moving troops, advancing money to Committees of Safety, and for other military and naval measures for which at the moment he had no express authority from Congress. As soon as Congress came together on July 4, he sent it a message explaining his action, saying: "It became necessary for me to choose whether, using only

trained or untrained, was the united will of the people of the North; and most important of all the steadfast and courageous soul of the man called to direct the struggle. Abraham Lincoln, the poor frontier boy, the struggling young lawyer, the Illinois politician, whom many, even among the Republicans who voted to elect him President, thought scarcely fit to hold a much smaller office, proved beyond question the man for the task; gifted above all his associates with wisdom and strength to meet the great emergencies as they arose during the four years' war that had already begun.



THE FIRST SHOT FIRED IN THE CIVIL WAR. THE SHELL BURSTING OVER FORT SUMTER.

the existing means . . . which Congress had provided, I should let the Government fall at once into ruin, or whether availing myself of the broader powers conferred by the Constitution in cases of insurrection, I would make an effort to save it with all its blessings for the present age and for posterity." Congress, it is needless to say, not only approved all that he had done, but gave him practically unlimited powers for dealing with the rebellion in future.

It soon became evident that no matter how ready and willing to fight for their country the 75,000 volunteers might be, they could not hope to put down the rebellion because the time for which they had enlisted would be almost over before they could receive the training necessary to change them from valiant citizens into good soldiers. Another call was therefore issued, this time for men to serve three years or during the war, and also for a large number of sailors to man the new ships that the Government was straining every nerve to buy, build and otherwise make ready.

More important, however, than soldiers

Since this is the story of Mr. Lincoln's life, and not of the Civil War, we cannot attempt to follow the history of the long contest as it unfolded itself day by day and month by month, or even stop to recount a list of the great battles that drenched the land in blood. It was a mighty struggle, fought by men of the same race and kindred, often by brother against brother. Each fought for what he felt to be right; and their common inheritance of courage and iron will, of endurance and splendid bravery and stubborn pluck, made this battle of brothers the more bitter as it was the more prolonged. It ranged over an immense extent of country; but because Washington was the capital of the Union, and Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Confederacy, and the desire of each side was to capture the chief city of the other, the principal fighting-ground, during the whole war, lay between those two towns, with the Alleghany Mountains on the west, and Chesapeake Bay on the east. Between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River another field of warfare developed itself, on which some of the hardest



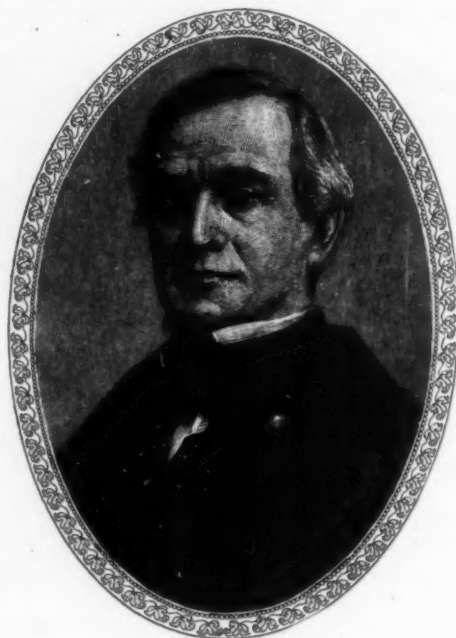
battles were fought, and the greatest victories won. Beyond the Mississippi again stretched another great field, bounded only by the Rocky Mountains and the Rio Grande. But the principal fighting in this field was near or even on the Mississippi, in the efforts made by both Unionists and Confederates to keep and hold the great highway of the river, so necessary for trade in time of peace, and for moving armies in time of war.

On this immense battle-ground was fought one of the most costly wars of modern times, with soldiers numbering a million men on each side; in which, counting battles and skirmishes small and great, an average of two engagements a day were fought for four long years, two millions of money were used up every twenty-four hours, and during which the unholy prize of slavery, for which the Confederate States did battle, was completely swept away.

Though the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, defeat and victory may be said to have been nearly evenly divided. Generally speaking, success was more often on the side of the South during the first half of the war; with the North, during the latter half. The armies were equally brave; the North had the greater territory from which to draw supplies; and the end came, not when one side had beaten the other man for man, but when the South had been drained of fighting men and food and guns, and slavery had perished in the stress of war.

Fortunately for all, nobody at the beginning dreamed of the length of the struggle. Even Lincoln's stout heart would have been dismayed if he could have foreseen all that lay before him. The task that he could see was hard and perplexing enough. Everything in Washington was in confusion. No President ever had such an increase of official work as Lincoln during the early months of his administration. The halls and ante-rooms of the Executive Mansion were literally crowded with people seeking appointment to office; and the new appointments that were absolutely necessary were not half finished when the firing on Fort Sumter began active war. This added to the difficulty of sifting the loyal from the disloyal, and the yet more pressing labor of organizing an immense new army.

Hundreds of clerks employed in the Government Departments, left their desks and hurried South, crippling the service just at the time when the sudden increase of work made their presence doubly needed. A large proportion of the officers of the Army and Navy, perhaps as many as one-third gave their skill and services to the Confederacy, feeling that their allegiance was due to their State or section rather than the general government. Prominent among these was Robert E. Lee, who had been made a



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.

colonel by Lincoln, and whom General Scott had recommended as the most promising officer to command the new force of 75,000 men called out by the President's proclamation. He chose instead to resign and cast his fortunes with the South, where he became the head of all the Confederate armies. The loss to the Union and gain to the Confederate cause by his action is hard to measure, since in him the Southern armies found a commander whose surpassing courage and skill inspired its soldiers long after all hope of success was gone.

It was cases such as this that gave the President more anxiety than all else. It seemed impossible to know whom to trust. An officer might come to him in the morning protesting devotion to the Union, and by night be gone to the South. Mr. Lincoln used to say at this time that he felt like a man letting rooms at one end of his house while the other end was on fire.

The situation grew steadily worse. Maryland refused to allow United States soldiers to cross her territory, and the first attempt to bring troops through Baltimore from the North ended in a bloody riot, and the burning of railroad bridges to prevent help from reaching Washington. For three days Washington was entirely cut off from the North, either by telegraph or mail. General Scott hastily prepared the city for a siege, taking possession of all the large supplies of flour and provisions in town, and causing the Capitol and other public buildings to be barricaded. Though President Lincoln did not doubt the final arrival of help, he, like everyone else, was very anxious, and found it hard to understand the long delay. He knew that troops had started from the North. Why did they not arrive? They might not be able to go through Baltimore but they could certainly go around it. The distance was not great. What if twenty miles of railroad had been destroyed, were the soldiers unable to march? Always calm and self-controlled, he gave no sign in the presence of others of the anxiety that weighed so heavily upon him. Very likely the visitors who saw him during those days thought that he hardly realized the plight of the city; yet an inmate of the White House, passing through the President's office when the day's work was done and he imagined himself alone, saw him pause in his absorbed walk up and down the floor, and gaze long out of the window in the direction from which the troops were expected to appear. Then, unconscious of any hearer, and as if the words were wrung from him by anguish, he exclaimed, "Why don't they come, why don't they come!"

The New York Seventh Regiment was the first to "come." By a roundabout route it reached Washington on the morning of April 25, and, weary and travel-worn, but with banners flying and music playing, marched up

Pennsylvania Avenue to the big white Executive Mansion, bringing cheer to the President and renewed courage to those timid citizens whose fright during this time had almost paralyzed the life of the town. Taking renewed courage they once more opened their houses and the shops that had been closed since the beginning of the blockade, and business began anew.

The greater part of the three months' regiments had been ordered to Washington, and the outskirts of the capital soon became a busy military camp. The great Departments of the Government, especially of War and Navy, could not immediately handle the details of all this sudden increase of work. Men were volunteering rapidly enough, but there was sore need of rations to feed them, money to pay them, tents to shelter them, uniforms to clothe them, rifles to arm them, officers to drill them, and of transportation to carry them to the camps of instruction where they must receive their training and await further orders. In this carnival of patriotism and hurly-burly of organization the weaknesses as well as the virtues of human nature quickly showed themselves; and, as if the new President had not already enough to distress and harass his mind, almost every case of confusion and delay was brought to him for complaint and correction. On him also fell the delicate and serious task of deciding hundreds of novel questions as to what he and his cabinet ministers had and had not the right to do under the Constitution.

The month of May slipped away in all these preparatory vexations; but the great machine of war, once started, moved on as it always does, from arming to massing of troops, and from that to skirmish and battle. In June small fights began to occur between the Union and Confederate armies. The first large battle of the war took place at Bull Run, about thirty-two miles southwest of Washington on July 21, 1861. It ended in a victory for the Confederates, though their army was so badly crippled by its losses that it made no further forward movement during the whole of the next autumn and winter.

The shock of this defeat was deep and painful to the people of the North, not yet schooled to patience, or to the uncertainties of war. For

weeks the newspapers, confident of success, had been clamoring for action, and the cry, "Forward to Richmond," had been heard on every hand. At first the people would not believe the story of a defeat; but it was only too true. By night the beaten Union troops were pouring into the fortifications around Washington, and the next day a horde of stragglers found their way across the bridges of the Potomac into the city.

President Lincoln received the news quietly, as was his habit, without any visible sign of distress or alarm, but he remained awake and in his office all that Sunday night, listening to the excited tales of congressmen and senators who, with undue curiosity, had followed the army and witnessed some of the sights and sounds of battle; and by dawn on Monday he had practically made up his mind as to the probable result and what he must do in consequence.

The loss of the battle of Bull Run was a bitter disappointment to him. He saw that the North was not to have the easy victory it anticipated; and to him personally it brought a great and added care that never left him during the war. Up to that time the North had stood by him as one man in its eager resolve to put down the rebellion. From this time on, though quite as determined, there was division and disagree-

ment among the people as to how this could best be done. Parties formed themselves for or against this or that general, or in favor of this or that method and no other of carrying on the war. In other words, the President and his "administration"—the cabinet and other officers under him—became, from this time on, the target of criticism for all the failures of the Union armies, and for all the accidents and mistakes and unforeseen delays of war. The self-control that Mr. Lincoln had learned in the hard school of his boyhood, and practiced during all the long struggle of his young manhood, had been severe and bitter training, but nothing else could have prepared him for the great disappointments and trials of the crowning years of his life. He had learned to endure patiently, to reason calmly, never to be unduly sure of his own opinion; but, having taken counsel of the best advice at his command, to continue in the path that he felt to be right, regardless of criticism or unjust abuse. He had daily and hourly to do all this. He was strong and courageous, with a steadfast belief that the right would triumph in the end; but his nature was at the same time sensitive and tender, and the sorrows and pain of others hurt him more than did his own.

*(To be continued.)*



AN EXCITING RACE IN ELF-LAND.



## A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY EDWINA ROBBINS.

FEATHERY-FLUTTER and Fidgety-wing,  
Twitter and Flitter and Warblety-sing,  
Were five little birds who lived, one spring,  
In a castle in the air.

Each was as happy as queen or king,  
Without a care about anything;  
When the mother bird a worm would bring,  
Each birdling had a share.

If a bee came by with a flip and a fling,  
They welcomed him gaily, nor feared his sting;  
And they cheerily chirped as they sat in a ring,  
While the bee flew here and there.

When their little air-castle would sway and swing,  
Then closer together the birds would cling,  
And merrily chirrup a ting-a-ling-ling,  
For the gladness everywhere.



## PLANTATION STORIES.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

### I.—MRS. PRAIRIE-DOG'S BOARDERS.

TEXAS is a near-by land to the dwellers in the Southern States. Many of the poorer white people go there to mend their fortunes; and not a few of them come back from its plains, homesick for the mountains, and with these fortunes unmelded. Daddy Laban, the half-breed, son of an Indian father and a negro mother, who sometimes visited Broadlands plantation, had been a wanderer; and his travels had carried him as far afield as the plains of southwestern Texas. The Randolph children liked, almost better than any others, the stories he brought home from these extensive travels.

"De prairie-dog a mighty cur'ous somebody," he began one day, when they asked him for a tale. "Hit lives in de ground, more samer dan a ground-hog. But dey ain't come out for wood nor water; an' some folks thinks dey goes plumb down to de springs what feeds wells. I has knowed dem what say dey go fur enough down to find a place to warm dey hands—but dat ain't de tale I'm tellin'.

"A long time ago, dey was a prairie-dog what was left a widder, an' she had a big fambly to keep up. 'Oh, landy!' she say to dem dat come to visit her in her 'fiction, 'what I gwine do to feed my chillen?'

"De most o' de varmints tell Miz. Prairie-Dog dat de onliest way for her to git along was to keep boarders. 'You got a good home, an' you is a good manager,' dey say; 'you bound to do well wid a boardin'-house.'

"Well, Miz. Prairie-Dog done sent out de runners to run, de fliers to fly, de crawlers to crawl, an' tell each an' every dat she sot up a boardin'-house. She say she got room for one crawler and one flier, an' dat she could take in a whole passel o' runners.

"Well, now 'you knows a flier 's a bird—or hit mought be a bat. Ef you was lookin' for little folks, hit mought be a butterfly. Miz.

Prairie-Dog ain't find no fliers what wants to live un'neath de ground. But crawlers—bugs an' worms an' sich-like—dey mostly does live un'neath de ground, anyhow, an' de fust pusson what come seekin' house-room with Miz. Prairie-Dog was Brother Rattlesnake.

"'I dest been flooded out o' my own house,' Mr. Rattlesnake say; 'an' I like to look at your rooms an' see ef dey suits me.'

"'I show you de rooms,' Miz. Prairie-Dog tell 'im. 'I bound you gwine like 'em. I got room for one crawler, an' you could be him; but—'

"Miz. Prairie-Dog look at her chillen. She ain't say no more—dest look at dem prairie-dog gals an' boys, an' say no more.

"Mr. Rattlesnake ain't like bein' called a crawler so very well; but he looks at dem rooms, an' 'low he 'll take 'em. Miz. Prairie-Dog got somethin' on her mind, an' 'fore de snake git away dat somethin' come out. 'I 's shore an' certain dat you an' me can git along,' she say, 'ef—ef—ef you vow an' promish not to bite my chillen. I 'll have yo' meals reg'lar, so dat you won't be tempted.'

"Old Mr. Rattlesnake' powerful high-tempered—yas, law, he sho' a mighty quick somebody on de trigger. Zip! he go off, dest like dat—zip! Br-r-r! 'Tempted!' he hiss at de prairie-dog woman. He look at dem prairie-dog boys an' gals what been makin' mud cakes all mornin' (an' dest about as dirty as you-all is after you do de same). 'Tempted,' he say. 'I should hope not.'

"For, mind you, Brother Rattlesnake is a genterman, an' belongs to de quality. He feels hisself a heap too biggity to bite prairie-dogs. So dat turned out all right.

"De next what come to Miz. Prairie-Dog was a flier."

"A bird?" asked Patricia Randolph.



"Yes, little mistis," returned the old Indian. "One dese-hyer little, round, brown squinch-owls, what allers quakes an' quivers in dey speech an' walk. 'I gits so dizzy—izzy—wizzy! up in de top o' de trees,' de little brown owl say, as she swivel an' shake. 'An' I wanted to git me a home down on de ground, so dat I could be sure, an' double sure, dat I

ef you go to de bottom eend o' her house. So, what wid a flier an' a crawler, an' de oldest prairie-dog boy workin' out, she manage to make tongue and buckle meet. I is went by a many a prairie-dog hole an' seen de owl an' de rattlesnake what boards wid Miz. Prairie-Dog. Ef you was to go to Texas you 'd see de same. But nobody in dat neck o' woods ever knowed



"I WANTED TO GIT ME A HOME DOWN ON DE GROUND, SO DAT I COULD BE SURE, AN' DOUBLE SURE DAT I WOULD N'T FALL," SAYS MIZ. BROWN OWL.

would n't fall. 'But dey is dem dat says ef I was down on de ground I might fall down a hole. Dat make me want to 'live in yo' house. Hit 's down in de ground, ain't hit? Ef I git down in yo' house dey hain't no place for me to fall off of, an' fall down to, is dey?' she ax.

"Miz. Prairie-Dog been in de way o' fallin' down-stairs all her life; dat de onliest way she ever go inter her house—she fling up her hands an' laugh as you pass her by, and she drap back in de hole. But she tell de little brown owl dat dey ain't no place you could fall

how dese folks come to live in one house."

"Who told *you*, Daddy Laban?" asked Pate Randolph.

"My Injun gran'mammy," returned the old man. "She told me a many a tale, when I lived wid my daddy's people on de Cherokee Res'vation. Sometime I gwine tell you 'bout de little fawn what her daddy ketched for her when she 's a little gal. But run home now, honey chillens, or yo' mammy done think Daddy Laban stole you an' carried you plum away."

## II.—SONNY BUNNY RABBIT'S GRANNY.

OF all the animal stories which America, the nurse-girl, told to the children of Broadlands plantation, they liked best those about Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"You listen now, Marse Pate an' Miss Patty an' my baby child, an' I gwine tell you de best tale yit, 'bout de rabbit," she said, one lazy summer afternoon when they were tired of playing marbles with china-berries.

"You see, de fox he mighty hongry all de time for rabbit meat; yit, at de same time, he 'fraid to buck up 'gainst a old rabbit, an' he always pesterin' after de young ones.

"Sonny Bunny Rabbit' granny was sick, an'

to yo' granny, an' don't stop to play wid none o' dey critters in de Big Woods.'

"'Yassum, mammy,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"'Don't you pass de time o' day wid no foxes,' say Mammy Rabbit.

"'Yassum, mammy,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"Dest as he was passin' some thick chinkapin bushes, up hop a big red fox an' told him howdy.

"'Howdy,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit. He ain't study 'bout what his mammy tell him now. He 'bleege to stop an' make a miration at bein' noticed by sech a fine pusson as Mr. Fox. 'Hit 's a fine day—an' mighty growin' weather, Mr. Fox.'

"'Hit am dat,' say de fox. 'Yaas, suh, hit sho'ly am dat. An' whar you puttin' out for,



"'WHAR YOU PUTTIN' OUT FOR? AN' WHO ALL IS YOU GWINE SEE ON T' OTHER SIDE DE HILL?'" AX MR. FOX.

Sonny Bunny Rabbit' mammy want to send her a mess o' sallet. She put it in a poke, an' hang de poke round de little rabbit boy's neck.

"'Now, my son,' she says, 'you tote dis sallet

ef I mought ax?' he say, mighty slick an' easy.

"Now right dar," said America, impressively,

"am whar dat little rabbit boy fergit his teachin'. He act like he ain't know nothin'—an'

ain't know dat right good. 'Stead o' sayin', 'I 's gwine whar I 's gwine—an' dat 's whar I 's gwine,' he answer right back: 'Dest 'cross de hill, suh. Won't you walk wid me, suh? Proud to have yo' company, suh.

"'Oh, my granny mighty big,' he say; but dat 's 'ca'se she so fat she cain't run. She hain't so mighty old, but she sleep all de time; an' I ain't know is she tough or not—you dest better come on an' find out,' he holler.



"'COME BACK HYER, YOU RABBIT TRASH, AN' HE'P ME OUT O' DIS TROUBLE!'" HE HOLLER.

"'An' who-all is you gwine see on t' other side de hill?' ax Mr. Fox.

"'My granny,' answer Sonny Bunny Rabbit. 'I totin' dis sallet to her.'

"'Is yo' granny big?' ax de fox. 'Is yo' granny old?' he say. 'Is yo' granny mighty pore? Is yo' granny tough?' An' he ain't been nigh so slick an' sof an' easy any, mo' by dis time—he gittin' mighty hongry an' greedy.

"Right den an dere Sonny Bunny Rabbit wake up. Yaas, law! He come to he senses. He know mighty well an' good dat a pusson de size o' Mr. Fox ain't got no reason to ax ef he granny tough, less'n he want to git he teef in her. By dat he recomember what his mammy done told him. He look all 'bout. He ain't see no he'p nowhars. Den hit come in Sonny Bunny Rabbit' mind dat de boys on de farm done sot a trap down by de pastur' fence. Ef he kin git Mr. Fox to jump inter dat trap, his life done save.

Den he start off on er long, keen jump.

"Sonny Bunny Rabbit run as hard as he could. De fox run after, most nippin' his heels. Sonny Bunny Rabbit run by de place whar de fox-trap done sot, an' all kivered wid leaves an' trash, an' dar he le'p high in the air—an' over it. Mr. Fox ain't know dey ary trap in de grass; an', blam! he stuck he foot squar' in it!

"'Oh-ow-ow! Hi-hi-hi! Hi-yi! Yi-yi-yi!' bark de fox. 'Come back hyer, you rabbit trash, an' he'p me out o' dis trouble!' he holler.

"'Dat ain't no trouble,' say Sonny Bunny Rabbit, jumping high in de grass. 'Dat my granny, what I done told you 'bout. Ain't I say she so fat she cain't run? She dest love company so powerful well, dat I 'spect she holdin' on to you to hear you talk.'

"An' de fox talk," America giggled, as she looked about on her small audience.

## THE CHAMPION LOBSTER COMPANY.

BY MARTIN M. FOSS.

HAROLD DRAKE stretched his wiry body along the counter of the *Frank D.*, one hand resting idly on the tiller, the other trailing in the water. His thin face, covered with a network of wrinkles, and his forehead, tied in a hard knot of worry, seemed to belong rather to an old man than to a boy of fourteen.

"I guess I could make some money if I went to New York, Mr. Stewart."

Mr. Stewart turned from the sunset glow, reflected in the flooding tide, and smiled quietly at the barefooted boy before him.

"What would you do, lad?"

"What did you do?" Harold asked in reply.

"I? Oh, well, I worked as office-boy for two years at four dollars a week—and I worked hard, too. Would you like that?"

"Four dollars is more than I can make here, and mother has to go out to work, too. Yes, I should."

For several minutes Mr. Stewart gazed over the quiet bay as the *Frank D.* slipped quietly toward the river's mouth. Now and again he lifted his eyes to the rugged outline of the hills and mountains which rose beyond the broad stretches of field and woodland. A man of sixty at least, browned by a month on the water, he seemed scarcely to bear in his face the signs of care and work which seamed Harold's cheeks and brow.

"Harold, boy, you are much better off right here."

Harold turned his face toward the ocean to hide his disappointment.

"If I could only stay here, too! Boy, do you know I'd give up business gladly, if I could, just to settle down here to your life? I would n't loaf, for no man has a right to do that; nor has any man in business, as I am, a right to leave the responsibilities and supervision of it. There are too many dependent upon him. But to fish, to have a little garden like

yours, to live out of doors, even though I were tired at night and could n't have all the luxuries I do in the city, to see this beautiful stretch of water and those hills—"

Mr. Stewart stopped suddenly, apparently lost in the contemplation of those joys which success had not brought to him. Harold headed the *Frank D.* a little closer to the wind, trimmed his main-sheet, and settled back upon his elbow, his face still drawn downward with disappointment.

"I know you want to make money, Harold. I did at your age. Nearly every man who has a healthy mind does. And it is right that you should. I have made money—not a great deal, but a lot more than I have needed; but I have n't lived right. I'd give more to look out on this water mornings, and on these hills at sunset, to breathe this air—you don't know what the city means. You see all this every day, and you can't realize how it shapes your life. The distances and the peace ought to make you a strong, sincere man, and that is worth more than all the money you can make. You live in God's presence."

Harold stirred a trifle impatiently, his face set and worried.

"I guess you would n't think much about all of that if your mother had to go out to work and you did n't know whether the fish were going to bite, or whether you'd get any lobsters. I'd like it if I did n't have to worry."

The thought of this little boy of fourteen bearing the burden left by a dead father, staggering, almost, under the load of a grown man, pained Mr. Stewart.

"Yes, boy, I know. But you are getting older now, and you will soon be able to make a good living. Lobsters are plenty, are n't they?"

"There are some, but you can't get much for them."

Mr. Stewart was silent again for a long

time, seemingly as far away as the peak which loomed above the broken line of hills on the shore. Out of all this he had gone as a boy, filled with the ambition which had burned as hot in him as it did now in Harold. Only

him. I went away from here forty years ago, and it was n't until I had lived thirty years in New York that I knew what it did to men and was doing to me. When you are there you scarcely think any more of the people about



"FOR TWO WEEKS MR. STEWART AND HAROLD WORKED AND STUDIED TOGETHER." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

within a few years had he known what the cost had been, what the city did for a man. He spoke aloud at last, just as they reached the end of the breakwater which kept the shifting sands from the river channel.

"If you could only know how the crowded, irregular life of the city, the swarms of hurrying, selfish people, roughen and harden a man's nature. They take all the humanity out of

you, unless you know them, than you do of the fish you catch. We are all fishing there for something that belongs to other people."

The flame of ambition was not to be quenched in Harold's breast by such a course. Mr. Stewart knew it—and knew, too, that he liked his sailing companion of the past month the more for his earnest devotion to the life problem before him. It was out of this line



of thought, however, that an idea came to him which was to solve the problem. There had been another of the long pauses when the sweet simplicity of the country held the city man's mind, while the boy's heart, fixed on the golden tints of the city's promise, raced away to the crowds, cruel as they might be, and the opportunities, boundless and obtruding as he felt they were. The *Frank D.* was almost at the little dock, under the bank which sloped from Harold's house to the river, when Mr. Stewart spoke again.

"I've always thought, lad, that money could be made anywhere, if sound business methods were employed. Of course you could hardly do as well here as in a big place with more people and more money. But your life does n't require so much. Suppose we two go into business here and try it for a year? If it succeeds, you stay here. If it does n't, we'll see what can be done in New York."

There was little of eagerness in Harold's answer.

"I don't see what we can do. Everybody here has something, and there does n't seem to be anything for anybody else."

"You said lobsters were fairly plenty?"

"Sometimes; but we don't get much for them."

"How much? About ten cents a pound, on the average?"

"Yes, summers. A little more, winters."

"In a big city competition develops all business. Men have something to sell, and they work to make it cheaper, so that they can sell it for less, or give a better quality for the same money. In our linen-mills we have two or three men studying all the time to increase the output and lessen the expense. Do you know that if you should study lobsters so that you could have more of them in the dull seasons of winter,—more of them and better ones,—you could make a lot of money?"

Harold's face lighted for the first time.

"I've thought of that sometimes. I read about a man who raised strawberries in the winter, when they were scarce, and made a lot of money."

The beginnings of "The Champion Lobster Company" were very small. For two weeks,

until business demanded Mr. Stewart's return to New York, they worked and studied together,—Mr. Stewart reading in the books he had procured from New York, and fitting the observations of natural historians to the shrewd ideas of a fisher-boy who knew the lobsters as only one can who has lived by catching them all his life. For a beginning Mr. Stewart wanted only to learn how they could be caught as fast as possible, which Harold knew without books—and how, too, they could be made more plentiful and more safely and comfortably caught throughout the cold stretches of winter.

A new boat came first, heavier in construction than Harold's cat, with broad bilges for rough weather, and more storage-room for lobster-pots. Systematically they tried new ideas for feeding a few lobsters which they gathered in the Pool, as the little basin which formed in back of Harold's house was called, fencing it off with heavy netting sunk deep in the mud. If lobsters could reason, those about the mouth of the Pentock River would have grown suspicious, as voters do when a district leader in politics grows friendly and obliging with the approach of a caucus.

Mr. Stewart's plan was simple. He told Harold how expensive, yet how highly prized, good lobsters—really large, fresh lobsters—were in New York, especially in the winter. He told him, too, how many well-to-do men there were who would pay well for selected lobsters, just as they bought strawberries and grapes in the winter season. If Harold could learn how to get lobsters, to grow them systematically as a farmer would his hens, and to keep them alive, above all, in the Pool until winter, there was an opportunity—an opportunity which Mr. Stewart made all the more attractive by pointing out that the city's wealth, in some degree, would be turned toward the Champion Lobster Company, without exposing Harold to the hardening influences of the life itself.

Perhaps the little package of paper and envelopes which came to Mr. Stewart, neatly printed with the name of the concern, and up in one corner, "Harold Drake, Manager," gave the boy greater joy than the promises which Mr. Stewart held out.

Harold threw himself into his new life as many a country boy does when he reaches the office of a great city firm, but as very few do when, bred in the routine of a quiet village, they tackle a new phase of life's problem in old surroundings. For a time Mr. Stewart insisted on paying him a small salary,—as much as Harold had been earning before,—so that he could devote his days to preparations for winter. Daily Harold's stock grew; daily, too, his watchfulness taught him how to prevent the losses which came from death, sometimes at the claws of other lobsters, sometimes perhaps because the food was wrong or scarce. Harold soon learned that there must be separate pens, so that all of his stock would be sure of food, and, too, so that there might be less danger of a wholesale slaughter when some bloodthirsty old warrior went out on a marauding trip. Long before the trees began to turn, there were hundreds of lobsters living the quiet, undisturbed life which nature had mapped out, but had not planned under exactly these circumstances, with more to eat and less of strife than they had ever known.

Neighbors—regular fishermen generally—scoffed a little.

"Water ain't deep enough. They 'll all freeze the first cold snap," Captain Thomas said.

Captain Dean had a more intimate interest.

"You just take my advice, boy, and sell 'em now. You 're just stowing them up here, and when the fishing gets hard other fellows will come along and steal them. Sell 'em to the next smack that comes along. What 's Jim Stewart know about fishing, anyhow?"

Harold consulted the president of the company (Mr. Stewart preferred to be called the "New York representative"), and received advice as to the manner of dealing with thieves and encouragement to hold all of the stock until the "season was on in New York."

There were plenty of troubles in the day-to-day routine. One day a lot of lobsters escaped through a large hole which appeared in the outside netting.

"Driftwood, probably," Ben Tarbox said. "A piece of an old wreck."

Harold thought it more likely that the drift-

wood was some malicious rival, but he kept his peace. Only to Mr. Stewart did he explain the danger from such marauders, and in reply Mr. Stewart sent a huge Danish bloodhound from his kennels, a brute so ferocious that Harold was uneasy at first; but there was a marked and permanent decrease in the number of inquisitive loafers about the Pool. Day and night the great dog lived in a little kennel back of the house, not a hundred feet from the "Lobster Beds," as they were called; and ponderous and undemonstrative as he was, he seemed to grow into a sense of his guardianship over the premises.

The months until fall were crowded with work. Somehow, the life came to mean more and more to Harold; and the broad ocean, very blue in the crisp air, and the hills, now turning into golden mounds, came into his mind even in the busier days. He began to feel sure, too, that he could raise lobsters as well as store them—if only they would sell. This little "if" was the cause of so many knots in his forehead. Some days he would stop for a minute, as he was pulling the lobster-pots, or working about the "beds," his face wrinkled into lines of worry, like that of an old man. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Stewart could not sell the lobsters. Mr. Stewart, however, buoyed his hopes with the promises he had received from various men.

"About November 1st," Mr. Stewart wrote, "I 'll send some trial orders. Fill them from the pots if you can; but if you can't, take them from the beds. With the venture so new, we can hardly hope to get a sufficient supply this year, to last all winter; but your last weekly report shows such a splendid gain in numbers and so much decrease in deaths that I am much encouraged."

These neatly type-written letters, addressed to "Harold Drake, Manager, The Champion Lobster Company," made the business very real to Harold, and filled him with the zest which comes to men when they are first assigned to a roll-top desk with a revolving chair.

Perhaps the Champion Lobster Company had an unusual advantage in its New York representative. Certainly he never lost an opportunity to tell business associates, friends

at his clubs, and all whom he met in a casual way, of the new venture. He confessed that he felt almost as much interest in it as he did in anything he controlled, and certainly, for a business that was still all investment, he devoted a great deal of time to it. He clung steadfastly, however, to the idea of withholding all lobsters from the market until the season of "great public dinners" was on. Then, one day early in November, he sent Harold the

Mail bill to the same address, charging them at forty cents a pound. Wire me the date of shipment.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) JAMES STEWART,  
N. Y. Representative.

There was a friendly little postscript underneath:

DEAR HAROLD: *We shall be* lobsters if we can't make money out of this idea. Don't work too hard, and don't forget to look at the ocean, the hills, and the sky for me.



"HE WAVED THE TELEGRAM AND YELLED LIKE A MADMAN: 'THEY GOT THERE, MOTHER! THEY GOT THERE!'"

first order, as briefly and concisely phrased as if he had been instructing a great and long-established business house. Harold has that order tacked up over his desk now, and he confesses that he has a little glimmer of the great joy of that day, even now, as he reads it over.

HAROLD DRAKE, *Manager*,  
The Champion Lobster Co.,  
Benton, Maine.

DEAR SIR: Ship at once, by Adams Express, fifty selected lobsters, to the Calumet Club, New York.

Beside this letter, on the wall, there is a gilded menu card, at the bottom of which Mr. Stewart had printed, "Lobsters supplied by the Champion Lobster Company." He made it a rule, that winter, that every club and public dinner for which he supplied the lobsters must print this notice. The very fact that there were not a tenth enough lobsters in the beds to supply the demand only made them the more highly prized. Mr. Stewart told about the work at his first dinner, and nobody suspected him of advertising.

The skill with which the whole plan was executed made "Champion lobsters" famous. A lobster, previously, had been good or bad; but now there was a brand the very name of which became synonymous with sound, fresh shell-fish. There might be a hundred other fishermen sending in the best of lobsters, but "Champion lobsters" were known to the public, and no other lobsters would do.

Every neighbor in Benton, Maine, had a pool the next season, and many another town tried to push a brand upon the market. In the second year, after a summer of work together, Mr. Stewart and Harold had several pools, larger and better constructed, and into these they placed the finest specimens of shell-fish which they could catch. And it was not long after the opening of another winter that Harold found his rivals glad to sell their fish at a slight advance on the regular market prices. Practically he controlled the output of Benton.

The business is a fine one now, with a New York office, and a Boston office, too; and both Harold and Mr. Stewart are working on a plan to ship the lobsters alive all over the country.

Yet in all the triumphs of the Champion Lobster Company, Harold has never known a day like the one which brought the first order. It makes his heart beat a little faster to think of it; to think of how he worked, preparing the shipment and sending it to the express office. Somehow, he had no confidence in express companies; nothing but absolute conviction that somebody, somewhere, would fail. He wanted to go to New York with the lobsters. Two days later there was a telegram from Mr. Stewart announcing the satisfactory arrival of the shipment, with one word, "congratulations," added. For the first time Harold gave way to the boyish joy of it all, running into the house where his mother sat, he waved the telegram and yelled like a madman:

"They got there, mother! They got there!"

Mother's heart answered the yell in its own quiet way. Together they went out on the porch overlooking the river; and somehow, that day, Harold felt what the ocean meant, and the hills, too, and he felt sorry for Mr. Stewart, the New York representative.

## HIS LAST HUNT.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

"No, 'Duke,' you can't go! You're too old! You can't keep up any more! Lie down now in the sun, and take a good rest while we're gone!"

The old dog looked entreatingly into the speaker's face, but he obeyed. He was not so old by five years as the master who was still young and vigorous for the chase. Yet he must lie in the sun, now and wait—oh, so impatiently—for the young master's return from those hunts in which he had once been the life and leader. He dropped back upon the ground, and lay with his nose pointing to the hedge through which his master, with his college friend, and "Music," the new young dog, had passed, leaving Duke to doze and dream.

The sun was warm—it would be a glorious day in the woods, Duke thought. And then, for the first time, he noticed that there were woods just beyond the hedge,—tall trees, with the sunlight sifting through them,—and that the hedge itself was not as he had believed it, but taller and more open—a part of the forest, in fact. And from between the branches there stepped, just then, a man, young of face, and clothed all in green, like the forest.

"Up, Duke!" he cried gaily; "up, old dog! The red deer runs to the north, and who so fit as you to follow! Haste, haste, brave fellow, for the hunt waits!"

Who had spoken of him as being old! Duke could not remember. The blood tingled and

surged through his veins. As he bounded on ahead, he lifted up his voice in a deep, joyous bay. Then, all at once, they were among a gay party—men of lively dress, on horses smartly caparisoned; other men, too, in the green dress of him who had called. And there were dogs. Duke had never seen them before, but they rallied about him, and gave tongue to their new leader.

"Away! Away!" called the handsomest of the horsemen. "To the chase!"

Through the sun-bright morning woods—the scent of the red deer before, the baying of the pack and the shouts of the huntsmen behind! Slender branches leaned forward and tipped dew on him as he passed. A brown bird overhead whistled and called. A rabbit sprang out before, leaping wildly for a little way, and then disappeared in the bushes unheeded. Bright, startled eyes from everywhere amid the branches looked down as the old dog passed—the old dog that had become the new dog; and far ahead, the red deer running to the north, heard the bay of the leader of the pack coming nearer and nearer, and into his eyes came fear, and into his feet came an added swiftness that stretched his length yet closer and still closer to the ground, in a wild and frantic race for life.

The sun crept higher up the trees. The forest thinned into a wide open. The antlers of the red deer went tossing against the sky. The rest of the pack, the huntsmen—they were far behind and forgotten. Duke was alone—alone on the gray downs, with the red deer running to the north.

Old dog! Had anybody ever called him that? He had dreamed it, surely. Old dog, indeed.

The sun is just overhead now, and dazzles on the sand-dunes. Perhaps it blinds the red deer, for on a mound he halts an instant and, turning, snuffs the wind. For a moment he makes a brave figure against the blue, and then is off again, wildly and with long, reckless leaps. The distance between him and his pursuer is growing shorter, and he knows it. The muscles in his lithe limbs are stretched and strained and failing. And behind him comes, and still comes, the old dog—the old dog that is the new dog—eager, tireless, and with the swiftness of the winds of March.

The sun slips down the sky. There is no longer even the voice of the following pack. They are alone in the world, it would seem, Duke and the red deer running to the north. They have crossed a river—they have climbed a hill—they have plunged through brush and brake—they have leaped a wall, and always the red deer is nearer and nearer and flagging in strength, and always Duke is fresher and swifter and surer of his prey. And now there is a place of tall grass where the deer, perhaps, hoped the old dog could not follow. Old dog? Ha! With long, leaping bounds he skims the waving green on the wings of youth. And then the deer turns desperately to the struggle. But it is too late. He is fagged and done, and the "old dog" drags him down.

The sun is low in the sky. The weary pack and the shouting, bedecked horsemen come up, and the men in Lincoln green. And there, amid the grass, is Duke, guarding his fallen prey. How they rally about him! How the handsomest horseman of all goes down beside him to praise and to caress! How they cheer and throw up their hats for the hero who had followed the great red upland deer to the north, and dragged him down alone. Through the darkening woods, bearing their trophy homeward, they go, shouting and laughing and praising, until at last they reach a wide court and a great, brown fire-lit hall, where the feast is waiting. And now others—and these are fine ladies—come out to welcome the huntsmen, and then to join them in praises and caresses and cheers for the old dog. *Old dog? Old—?*

"Duke! hey, Duke! See what we've brought home!"

It was his master's voice, and Duke started. The lights of the great hall, the green huntsmen, and gay ladies swept together, and became a pleasant hedge from which the sunlight was fading. A deep shadow had crept out from it and lay all about him. Looking down at him was the smiling face of his master, and in his hand swung three rabbits.

Duke regarded him confusedly for a moment, and then gradually his look became one of solemn indifference. Rabbits! Showing rabbits! To him!





DUKE AND HIS DREAM OF THE HUNT.

"I don't know what has got into Duke," he heard his master saying one morning, a week later. "He never wants to go with us any more, but just walks away with a superior air when he sees us getting the guns ready.

"Perhaps he 's getting too old."

Duke scornfully walked over to the hedge, sniffing.

Old! Old! Yes, he was too old, indeed, for the sport of rabbit-chasing—he who had seen real hunting at last, and followed and dragged down alone the great, red upland deer!

## FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES MCCLELLAND DAULTON.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### IN MEMORY OF A ROSE.

JUDGE FULTON, as he sat in his office, tipped himself back comfortably in his swivel-chair and ran hastily through his morning mail. The sight of his name pitching in a tipsy, seasick fashion across a gaily tinted envelope attracted his attention, a moment more and the look of surprise gave way to one of amusement.

"From one of Albert's little chaps, of course," he thought smiling, "God bless them." As the Judge read Davie's remarkable letter his face lightened more and more, and when he came to the mortgage a distinct chuckle broke the silence of the office, startling the stenographer so that she struck the dollar mark for a semi-colon and looked up at her employer in astonishment.

"Did I startle you, Miss Ore?" asked the Judge. "I am greatly pleased with the discovery that there is material in the family for another lawyer—my little namesake. I have a bit of unusual work for you this morning. Can you attend to it at once?"

"Yes, sir; dictation, sir?"

"I was just wondering in what color," said the Judge meditatively, "a black-eyed, black-haired, saucy-faced girl would look best. You will remember my niece, Sue Roberts, when she was here last summer," pursued the Judge. "Well, it seems she is going to a party, and Davie and I—Davie is her little brother—

want to surprise her with a new gown. I am quite sure we can trust you to select a suitable evening gown for Sue."

"I would enjoy it very much," she said, "but I ought to tell you I have had no experience."

"A young woman who can get up so excellent and tasteful a brief will certainly be able to choose a trifle like that. So put on your hat and run along, for the gown, it seems, must be there on the instant, therefore buy it ready-made. By the way, just add to it gloves and slippers, in fact, all that goes to make the *ensemble*. I've no doubt you know all about it. My wife has always attended to my daughter's affairs of that sort, so I, like you, have had no experience, and as Davie expressly states that Aunt Serena is not to be told, and so since court requires my presence this morning, we, Davie and I, must throw ourselves upon your mercy. Remember the whole outfit, please."

"And O mother," related Winnie Ore that evening, as she and her mother sat at their tea, "it was the greatest fun! I enjoyed it to my finger-tips! The gown, and the silk stockings, and the dear little slippers—I do so hope they will fit—I got long silk mitts to be sure of them at least, and then the darlinest fan! I could just see Sue Roberts's eyes dance when she opened it. You know I used to tell you how dear she was when she came in the office to see Judge Fulton. Such a bright smile and pretty, friendly ways, and don't you remember the day

she laid the big pink rose on my desk? You were sick then, and my heart was so heavy and it seemed so sweet and thoughtful of her. I *do* hope she will remember the rose when she sees the little pink rosebuds among the lace. Oh I *do* hope she will like it!"

If Miss Ore had doubts on that question it is a great pity she could not have been there when Sue opened the big white box the expressman had just left.

you could give a mortgage on your prop'ty, and ain't the pig my very own?"

"Come here, my son," said Mr. Roberts, for Sue had carried her box straight to her father's study. "Come Davie, and tell me all about it."

A shout of merriment went up from the children at the unfolding of David's story, but Mr. Roberts still looked grave and said so sternly that even Masie was surprised:

"Of course, my son, you should have con-



"To Sue from Davie and Uncle David, assisted by Miss Winifred Ore," Sue, surrounded by all the family, read from the enclosed card.

"Davie Roberts," she exclaimed breathlessly, but Davie had crept under the sofa. "Davie Roberts, did you go and beg of dear generous Uncle David?"

"No I did n't," came in muffled tones. "I sent him a mortgage on the pig."

"A what?" shouted the family—and Phil by a strategic move grasped him by the collar and drew him into the light of day, disheveled and somewhat frightened, but still triumphant.

"Why, Miss Banks said," falteringly answered Davie, "that when you did n't have any money

sulted your mother and me about this—for, even if the pig is yours, boys cannot attend to a matter of business such as a mortgage unless they have the consent of their parents. I want you to carry this right through. It is a matter of business between you and Uncle David. My boys must learn that when they sign their names or give their word in a business matter it is entirely binding."

"Of course," assented Davie manfully, "I never meant anything else. I'll ask next time, but Sue can have her dress, can't she?"

"Yes, as a gift from her brother and uncle," replied Mr. Roberts, dismissing his small son with a pat on the back.

"O Davie! you dear boy," and Sue dropped on her knees by her little brother and caught him in her arms.

"Let go," cried Davie struggling to get free. "I've no time for huggin'. I told Uncle David I'd take good care of his pig, and I have n't fed him since noon. Let go, Sue, let go!"

How the twins jumped up and down as Sue shook out the cream silk mull gown that rustled over its taffata lining. How they "Oh"ed and "Ah"ed over the tiny bunches of pink rosebuds that peeped from among the lace, and the white silk stockings, and the slippers that were a perfect fit, when you had stuffed the toes with cotton, and the mitts and the little spangled fan. Even the fact that the gown proved some inches too long and too wide failed to daunt their glee.

"It is lovely, Sue," Betty assured her. "You can hold it up in front, and what if it does trail behind?"

"It's miles too big," Sue sighed, "and the party will be tomorrow night!"

"With troubles a-plenty, but never a frown,

Their laughter goes up, and no tears run down."

hummed her father, catching sight of her rueful face.

Even Mrs. Roberts looked doubtful as she stroked the ruffles with a loving hand, her heart rejoicing not only over Sue's happiness and her brother-in-law's kindness, but far more over her little son's unselfishness, for she understood Davie and knew that in his boyish way he had counted the cost.

"There is so little time, dearie," she said regretfully; "it would, I fear, have to be all ripped."

"Oh, bother," groaned Sue, "It is a blooming shame I think. I don't care so awfully for myself as I do for Davie. It will almost break his heart, and dear little Miss Ore, I must run and write to her this minute, and blessed old Uncle David; is all their goodness to go for nothing?"

"Law, now, Miss Sue, don't you go to worry-in'," broke in Mandy Dobbins. "You shall wear it even if we have to sew you up in it like a doll baby. Jest you trust Mandy Dobbins!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### VIRGINIA'S PARTY.

AS THE omnibus drew up to the steps of Kinnick and the girls fluttered down like a

flock of white doves, Sue thought she had never dreamed of a sight so lovely. The great house was all alight; the lawn festooned with fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns; the croquet ground with its gay little candle sparkling from each arch; seemed like fairy-land to her unaccustomed eyes.

Up the broad stairs, past the village orchestra twanging strings and rosining bows, flocked the doves to the dressing-room, to preen their feathers and settle their wings, and the babble of merry tongues was punctuated with exclamations and shrieks of girlish glee.

"O Virginia, it is perfectly swell!" cried Sue, for Virginia was too much one of the girls by this time to stand on ceremony and so had sped up stairs after them. "I'm so excited I don't know if I'm in slippers or overshoes."

"We had the most fun coming!" said Kate Norris. "We had to wait fifteen minutes as usual on Sue. Does n't she look like an angel? And from the way Mandy Dobbins was giggling when Sue came out, I believe there is some secret about her. Let's investigate!"

"Stand off!" shrieked Sue threatening Kate with her fan. "I'm not to be examined closely but I'm here, thank goodness. It was a very close shave!"

"You all look lovely and we are going to have the gayest time. Every one is here except Martha and Albert," said Virginia giving a deft touch wherever it was needed, and dancing about on her tiptoes."

"Oh, we passed them on the road rolling slowly along in state. But poor things, they looked so lonely and we were having such fun as we passed them."

"Martha is really going to Hope Hall," broke in Avis. "She told me so today. Here, Fan, I'll fasten your bracelet."

"I know," replied Virginia putting her arm round Sue with a warning little pressure. "Auntie had a note from Mrs. Cutting, hoping we will have nice times together, and I am sure we will."

"But, Sue, it's a shame for you," broke in Mildred tactlessly. "You'll just hate it!"

"Not at all," replied Sue leaning toward the mirror to give little jabs at her pompadour. Sue and her mother had had a long talk that after-

noon, Sue had promised to put away any little personal jealousy against Martha and try to win her friendship. It had seemed a very easy, pleasant task in that sunny, quiet room, with mother's sweet voice pleading with her and mother's smiling approval of her quick decision, and so she had promised heartily to say something nice to Martha about her going. She meant to say it here at the party, for to-night her joy in the gaiety, the lights, the music, her own pretty gown and the delight of it all, made it seem easy to be friends with saint or sinner and so she added cheerily: "Oh I expect Virginia will help Martha and me to find each other and that we will be the best of friends by Christmas. We don't really know each other yet."

It was at this auspicious moment Martha Cutting swept grandly into the room and all their chatter was forgotten in the breathless little murmur of approval that went up. Martha did look lovely, and if the train to her gown, and the aigrette in her hair were absurdly out of place for her years the girls could not help a thrill of admiration over her beauty. Even Sue's pink rosebuds, and Fan's bracelet sank into littleness before Martha's great bunch of roses, her long gloves, and pearl necklace. She was in one of her prettiest moods too, and no one could help liking Martha when she was at her best.

"Oh, girls, isn't it too lovely," she cried, kissing Virginia and waving them all a gay greeting. "It is the most perfect night! My, how pretty you look and you are all ready to go down, too! Just wait 'til I get a dust of powder on my nose and I 'm ready."

Avis gave a little gasp as Martha all in a twitter opened the blue and silver bag that hung on her arm, and produced a tiny powder puff from a little silver box.

"Never mind your corn-starch, Mattie," laughed Kate a bit contemptuously, giving her a little push, for the idea of powder on Martha's rose-leaf skin was too absurd, but Martha waved her away and after another dab or two, and daintily settling her filmy skirts, she was ready, and down they floated. Staid old Kinikinnick had never seen such capering in all its sleepy existence—such dancing upon the lawn, such

games of blind-man's buff and drop-the-handkerchief, such laughing and singing, and racing back and forth, and the soul and center of it all was Sue. Her clear, strong voice led all the songs, and no girl danced so lightly, ran so swiftly, nor laughed so gaily. With her fleecy skirts tucked up, her curls flying, her bright, tantalizing laugh rippling out at every sally, there was more than one boy who thought she was the jolliest, prettiest girl he had ever seen.

There was danger perhaps that as her spirits arose her laugh rang too often and too loud, and that her fun became boisterous and her gaiety a bit rude. At least that is what Martha Cutting said to Belle Wilkins and Albert Read, and her clear voice reached Sue's ears distinctly as she swung in the hammock, on the veranda, in the shadow of the vines. She had just won two games of croquet with Thad as a partner, and he had brought her here to rest while he had gone to get her a glass of lemonade from the tent upon the lawn.

"To be sure she is quite pretty," remarked Martha. "She is bright, too, and rather dashing, but she is slangy and rude. You know, Belle, very well that you wouldn't be Sue Roberts for the world."

"But, Martha," replied Belle pleadingly, "Sue is so good and sweet. She is slangy, but she is very unselfish."

"Nonsense," interrupted Martha disdainfully, "I don't know where you see it. I never saw a girl who pushed herself in as she does. She was n't here a month until she was running after Virginia Clayton and her brother like a wild creature. Think of a refined, cultured girl like Virginia in such company! Of course she does n't care to be followed by that tom-boy, but what can she do?"

"Then why does she go away to school with Sue? I'm sure she does not need do that. Every one knows she is going just to be with her."

"It is all folly, Belle," replied Martha, fanning herself nervously. "I don't believe a word of it. I suppose Sue would say Thad is following her to-night, but I never saw anything so brazen in my life as the way she is running after him."

At this last gibe Sue was out of the hammock with a bound, trembling with anger, her eyes



flashing; but at that moment she became aware that Thad was standing beside her, his face very

best bow, exactly as if nothing had happened; "slow and steady. Sit down and drink your lemonade. Miss Cutting will keep, you know."

But Sue sank back in the hammock, her hands clenched, her teeth shut tight to keep back the anger that was raging in her.

"Did you hear what she said, Thad?" she gasped at last. "I'm so furious I feel like doing all sorts of dreadful things to her. When I get through with her —!"

Thad laughed. All this was so different from Virginia's anger, that cold dignity that always swept his sister out of the room and kept her still for a week, that he hardly understood how to deal with it. But this was Sue's way, she had flared up like a torch; he had reached her just in time, a moment more and her wrath would have swept her out into the light where Martha was sitting and there would have been a scene.

"Slow and steady," said Thad again, offering her the glass. "It is all right, Sue. I heard what she said, but who cares? Virginia told me this morning you are the dearest friend she ever had, and I guess you knew that any way; as to what she said about me, why, that is foolishness. If there has been any following after, I did it, not you."

"It is n't that," groaned Sue. "I know Virginia loves me, and any one that is acquainted with me knows I don't push in, but O, Thad, it is n't the things that are n't true that hurt so; it's the being rude and slangy.

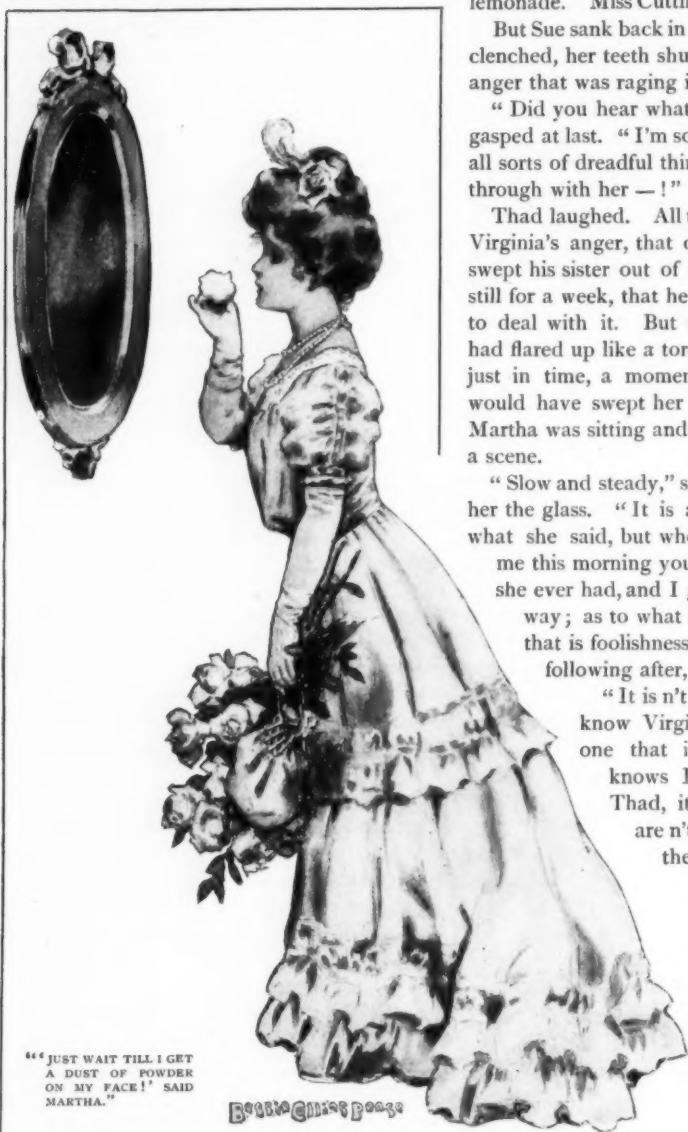
Of course I am, but I hate to hear Martha Cutting say it, and then I have given my mother my solemn promise to try and like Martha, and to tell her I hope we will be good friends in school, and I don't want to like her or be

red and angry, but with a twinkle in his eyes as he turned toward her.

"Slow and steady, Sue," he said softly as he offered her the glass he had brought with his

near her. I just hate her!"

"It's a beastly shame about her going at all, Sue," consoled Thad, sitting down by her. "But it can't be helped now, and the best thing, it



"JUST WAIT TILL I GET A DUST OF POWDER ON MY FACE!" SAID MARTHA.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

seems to me, would be to get along with as few rows as possible. That is the difference in being a boy or a girl. If you were both boys you could wait until to-morrow and then meet her, or rather him, around a corner and give her—I mean him—an everlasting trouncing and thrash all the nonsense out of her—him. Then you would get up, dust off your clothes, shake hands and be friends for the rest of your lives. But as it is I can't see any way but to laugh it down and make yourself so nice she can't help liking you."

"That's all very well," flung out Sue, "but I like a boy's way far better. If I could hit her I think I could forgive her afterwards, but this smiling business, when you are boiling within, I don't think is good for one's morals. Oh, if I could only thump her good and hard!"

"But really you can't, you know," laughed Thad; he was half teasing, though all his sympathy was with her. "She is jealous, that is what is the matter with her, Sue, and I would n't pay any attention to it."

"Jealous!" cried Sue, opening her black eyes big at him. "Martha jealous of me! Why, that's what mother is afraid is the matter with me, and it may be, though I never had thought of it. There are plenty of reasons why I might be jealous of Martha Cutting. She is so pretty and can play and sing so well, besides paint and do lots of things I can't, and then she is generally so smooth and sort of—silky, you know, while I'm a burr, Thad, a regular burr!"

"Well, you may be a burr, Sue, perhaps you are, and Martha may paint and play better, but I guess there are plenty of reasons why the jealousy might be on Martha's side. Why, she can't hold a candle to you in singing, Sue, and as for being pretty," and Thad shamefacedly laid his hand on Sue's, "why, she can't be named in the same day."

"Don't be a silly, Thad," snapped Sue, jerking her hand away and blushing to the roots of her hair. "I'm not pretty a bit, and I won't have you say so. You can let me go now, for I am over my maddest mad, and I sha'n't make a scene. Get up, please, you are sitting on my ruffles."

"But, Sue," whispered Thad again, "I think you are the prettiest, jolliest girl I ever saw!"

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"And I think you are the biggest goose this side the pond," replied Sue saucily.

"I never saw such a girl," growled Thad, angrily springing to his feet. "Here I have been tagging you around all evening, and most girls would have been grateful."

"Oh, you have, have you? And that is what made Martha so hopping!" cried Sue, contemptuously. "Well, I'm not grateful a bit! Go talk to her like that, I don't doubt she'll think it fine. There goes Bruce Morris, I'll go and dance with him." But when she had skipped down the steps and glanced back to see Thad still standing there looking very red and angry, she flew back again and said, frankly holding out her hand:

"There, Thad, I like you awfully when you are nice and brotherly as you usually are, and I need not have been so cross any way, for you were lovely about Martha and kept me from making a goose of myself. Let's be friends."

Thad took her hand, though still nettled, and then said in a condescending tone that made Sue eyes flash again:

"I forgot for the moment that in spite of your fourteen years you are nothing but a child."

"Fiddlesticks," sniffed Sue, "You are only two years older, so you need n't put on such airs. But I am not going to quarrel with anybody tonight, for I promised my mother I would try to keep my temper, so I'm going! Good-bye, Sir Thaddeus."

"Good-bye, little girl," said Thad, still too angry to resist this parting shot, and then turning he devoted himself assiduously to Fanny Spencer, embarrassing her so she could not find a word to say and she was relieved beyond measure when bashful Sid came to claim her for a game of croquet.

Meanwhile Sue had sought out Kate Norris to tell her tale of woe, about Martha—she was wise enough not to mention her quarrel with Thad, for Kate had a very wise head on her young shoulders.

"Don't pay any attention to it," advised that astute young person.

"You are a dear, Sue Roberts," said Kate softly, and then she suddenly leaned over and gave Sue a kiss. The kiss surprised Sue, and

pleased her very much, for Kate was not given to caresses, and somehow under its loving influence Sue felt her anger and resentment melting away and she was glad to see Thad was dancing with Martha as she ran away to find Virginia to see if she could be of any use. She found Virginia in the midst of a merry game with the little folks, Mildred and Bruce helping her.

"O Sue," Virginia whispered, "I 'm so glad you 've come. Please take my place until I slip away to see if they are not nearly ready for us in the dining-room. Just think, Thad has promised to play on his violin! Is n't that fine?"

Sue in her keen enjoyment of the "questions and answers" soon forgot all her troubles and was quite over her huff when the Japanese gong summoned them. Indeed she was so occupied with Cedric Adam's account of a big fish he had caught that morning that she never saw Martha's glance of triumph as she sailed by on Thad's arm, for Martha and Albert had had a tiff and he was consoling himself with kind little Avis who always understood just the right thing to say to make a person comfortable.

And even if Sue had still felt angry with Thad she would have quite forgiven him when after the merry supper he slipped away to get his violin, and then, standing modestly in the arch, he played the "Gondoliera" with such expression and delicacy that music-loving Sue's eyes were filled with tears and her heart very tender toward the whole world.

Indeed, still under the influence of the music, as the girls once more trooped up to the dressing-room for their wraps, she found it very easy to slip her hand through Martha's arm and say naturally and earnestly:

"I do hope, Martha, when we get to Hope Hall we will learn to know and understand each other better. I 'm sure we will have lovely times there. Has n't Virginia's party been a great success?"

But Martha drew rather pettishly away, remarking it was very warm, and that she had torn her flounce, and lost her handkerchief, — parties were always such bores. At school? Well, she expected to be very busy as she was only going to Hope Hall to prepare for an Eastern school and intended doing a great deal of study.

Up in the dressing-room all was gaiety and clatter, for in spite of weariness, mussed gowns and wilted flowers, they had had a beautiful time, and all save Martha were in the best spirits.

Sue found a moment in the midst of the laughter and noise to say a word to Thad, as they stood waiting for the omnibus, and, provoked as he had been with her, he found the girlish face, so bright-eyed and kindly, very attractive under its lace scarf.

"Please, Thad," she said, "I want to tell you how well I think you play. I enjoyed your music most of anything, Thad. It was very lovely."

Thad had missed her voice amid the enthusiastic praise that had greeted him, and some way these simple words, spoken out of a true appreciation, meant a great deal, since Thad loved his music next to his science.

"Thank you, Sue," he said heartily, "and I hope you will pardon me if I hurt you in any way, for I would like to be your good friend, right along with Virginia, if I may."

"Indeed, indeed," whispered back Sue, her face all aglow, as it always was when she was touched, "I am so glad and proud to have you say that." And she turned to Virginia for a last good-night.

A few moments later the old omnibus lumbered down the road, and back to the little group standing on the veranda steps came floating until it died away in the distance:

"Good night, ladies;  
We're going to leave you now."

(To be continued.)



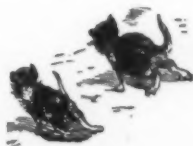
Here's the Chinese Laundry man,  
Who does up the shirts on the cold water plan ;  
And if you read backwards you plainly will see,  
That the name of the Chinaman was Johnnie Hop Lee.

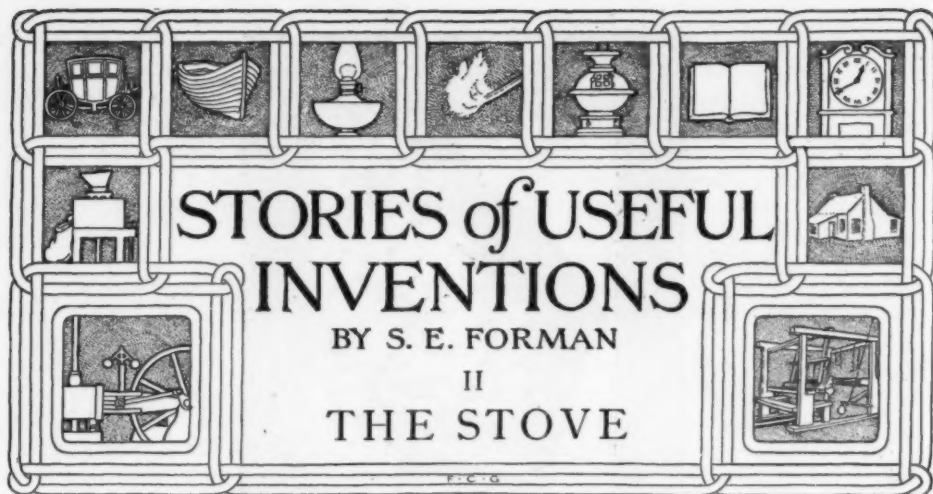


### A GOOD REASON.

BY CAROLINE M. FULLER.

"WHY do you wear your tail so short ?"  
The kittens asked the rabbit.  
"I think the reason," he replied,  
"Is simply force of habit."





FROM the story of the match you have learned how man through long ages of experience gradually mastered the art of making a fire easily and quickly. In this chapter and in several which are to follow we shall have the history of those inventions which have enabled man to make the best use of fire. Since the first and greatest use of fire is to cook food and keep the body warm, and since the art of heating and cooking has developed with the growth of the invention which, broadly speaking, may be called the stove, our account of the inventions connected with the use of fire may best begin with the story of the stove.

The most important uses of fire were taught by fire itself. As the primitive man stood near the flames of the burning tree and felt their pleasant glow, he learned that fire may add to bodily comfort; and when the flames swept through a forest and overtook a deer and baked it, he learned that fire might be used to improve the quality of his food. The hint was not lost. He took a burning torch to his cave or hut and kindled him a fire on his floor of earth. His dwelling filled with smoke, but he could endure the discomfort for the sake of the fire's warmth, and for the sake of the toothsome of the cooked meats. After a time a hole was made in the roof of the hut,

and through this hole the smoke passed out. Here was the first stove. The primitive stove was the entire house; the floor was the fireplace and the hole in the roof was the chimney. The word "stove" originally meant "a heated room." So that if we should say that at first people lived in their stoves, we would say that which is literally true.

Early inventions in cooking consisted in simple devices for applying flame directly to the thing which was to be cooked. The first roasting was doubtless done by fastening the flesh to a pole placed in a horizontal position above the fire and supported as is shown in Fig. 1 (\*). The horizontal bar called a spit was originally of wood, but after man had learned to work in metals an iron bar was used. When one side of the flesh was roasted the spit was turned and the other side was exposed to the flames. The spit of the primitive age was the parent of the modern grill and broiler.

Food was first boiled in a hole in the ground. A hole was filled with water into which heated stones were thrown. The stones, by giving off their heat, caused the water to boil in a very short time. After the art of making vessels of clay was learned, food was boiled in earthen pots suspended above the fire.

The methods of warming the house and

\* The illustrations on pages 637 and 639 are reproduced through the courtesy of the Barstow Stove Co.



cooking the food which have just been described were certainly crude and inconvenient,



FIG. 1.—A PRIMITIVE STOVE.

but it was thousands of years before better methods were invented. The long periods of savagery and barbarism passed and the period of civilization was ushered in, but civilization did not at once bring better stoves. Neither the ancient Egyptians nor the ancient Greeks knew how to heat a house comfortably and conveniently. All of them used the primitive stove—a fire on the floor and a hole in the roof. In the house of an ancient Greek there was usually one room which could be heated when there was need, and this was called the "black-room" (*atrium*)—black from the soot and smoke which escaped from the fire on the floor. But we must not speak harshly of the ancients because they were slow in improving their methods of heating, for in truth the modern world has not done as well in this direction as might have been expected. In a book of travels written only sixty years ago may be found the following passage: "In Normandy, where the cold is severe and fire expensive, the lace-makers, to keep themselves warm and to save fuel, agree with some farmer who has cows in winter quarters to be allowed to carry on their work in the society of the cattle. The cows would be tethered in a long row on one side of the apartment, and the lace-makers sit on the ground on the other side with their feet buried in the straw." That is to say, the lace-makers kept themselves warm by the heat which came from the bodies of the cattle; the cows, in other words, served as stoves. A

most barbarous method of heating, you will say, yet it was a method practised in some parts of France less than sixty years ago.

The ancient peoples around the Mediterranean may be excused for not making great progress in the art of heating, for their climate was so mild that they seldom had use for fire in the house. Nevertheless there was in use among these people an invention which has in the course of centuries developed into the stove of to-day. This was the *brazier*, or warming-pan (Fig. 2 and 3). The brazier was filled with burning charcoal and was carried from room to room as it was needed. The unpleasant gases which escaped from the charcoal were made less offensive, but not less unhealthful, by burning perfumes with the fuel. The brazier has never been entirely laid aside. It is still used in Spain and in other warm countries where the necessity for fire is rarely felt.

The brazier satisfied the wants of Greece, but the colder climate of Rome required something better; and in their efforts to invent something better, the ancient Romans made real progress in the art of warming their houses. They built a fire-room—called a *hypocaust*—in the cellar, and, by means of pipes made of baked clay, they connected the hypocaust with different parts of the house. Heat and smoke passed up together through these pipes. The poor



FIG. 2.—A ROMAN BRAZIER.

ancients, it seems, were forever persecuted by smoke. However, after the wood in the hypocaust was once well charred, the smoke was not so troublesome. The celebrated baths (club-rooms) of ancient Rome were heated by means of hypocausts with excellent results.



FIG. 3.—A SPANISH BRAZIER OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

Indeed, the hypocaust had many of the features and many of the merits of our modern furnace. Its weak feature was that it had no separate pipe to carry away the smoke. But as there were no chimneys yet in the world, it is no wonder there was no such pipe.

The Romans made quite as much progress in the art of cooking as they did in the art of heating. Perhaps the world has never seen more skilful cooks than those who served in the mansions of the rich during the period of the Roman Empire (27 B.C.—476 A.D.). In this period the great men at Rome abandoned their plain way of living and became gourmands. One of them wished for the neck of a crane, that he might enjoy for a longer time his food as it descended. This demand for tempting viands developed a race of cooks who were artists in their way. Upon one occasion a king called for a certain kind of fish. The fish could not be had, but the cook was equal to the emergency. "He cut a large turnip to the perfect imitation of the fish desired, and this he fried and seasoned so skilfully that his Maj-

esty's taste was exquisitely deceived, and he praised the root to his guests as an excellent fish." Such excellent cooking could not be done on a primitive stove, and along with the improvements in the art of cooking, there was a corresponding improvement at Rome in the art of stove-making.

When Rome fell (476 A.D.), many of the best features of her civilization perished with her. Among the things that were lost to the world were the Roman methods of cooking and heating. When the barbarians came in at the front door, the cooks fled from the kitchen. The hardy northerners had no taste for dainty cooking. Hypocausts ceased to be used, and were no longer built. For several hundred years, in all the countries of Europe, the fireplace was located, as of old, on the floor in the center of the room, while the smoke was allowed to pass out through a hole in the roof.

The eleventh century brought a great improvement in the art of heating, and the improvement came from England. About the time of the Conquest (1066) a great deal of fighting was done on the roofs of English fortresses, and the smoke coming up through the hole in the center of the roof proved to be troublesome to the soldiers. So the fire was removed from the center of the floor to a spot



FIG. 4.—A POMPEIAN STOVE.

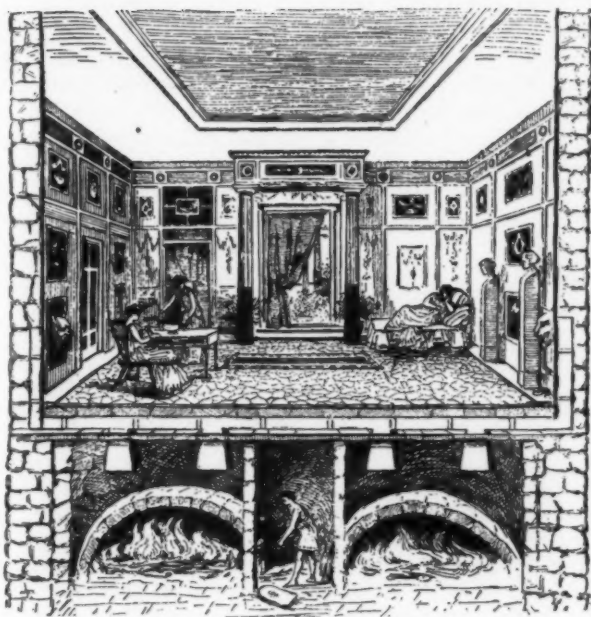


FIG. 5.—A ROMAN HYPOCAUST.

near an outside wall, and an opening was made in the wall just above the fire, so that the smoke could pass out. Here was the origin of the *chimney*. Projecting from the wall above the fire was a hood, which served to direct the smoke to the opening. At first the opening for the smoke extended but a few feet from the fire, but it was soon found that the further up the wall the opening extended the better was the draft. So the chimney was made to run diagonally up the wall as far as possible. The next and last step in the development of the chimney was to make a recess in the wall as a fireplace, and to build a separate structure of masonry—the chimney—for the smoke. By the middle of the fourteenth century chimneys were usually built in this way. The fireplace and chimney cleared the house of soot and smoke, and for this reason they grew rapidly in favor. By the end of the fifteenth century they were found in the homes of nearly all civilized people.

The open fireplace was always cheerful, and it was comfortable when you were close to it;

but it did not heat all parts of the room alike. That part next to the fireplace might be too warm for comfort, while in another part of the room it might be freezing. About the end of the fifteenth century efforts were made to distribute heat throughout the room more evenly, and these efforts led to the invention of the modern stove. We have learned that the origin of the stove is to be sought in the ancient brazier. In the middle ages the brazier in France took on a new form. Here was a fire-box with openings at the bottom for drafts of air and arrangements at the top for cooking things. This French warming-pan (*réchaud*) was the connecting-link between the ancient brazier and the modern stove. All it lacked of

being a stove was a pipe to carry off the smoke, and this was added by a Frenchman



FIG. 6.—A STOVE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

named Savot, about two hundred years ago. We owe the invention of the chimney to England, but for the stove we are indebted to France. The Frenchman built him an iron fire-box, with openings for drafts, and connected the box with the chimney by means of an iron flue or pipe. Here was a stove which could be placed in the middle of the room, or in any part of the room where it was desirable to place it, and which would send out its heat evenly in all directions.

The first stoves were, of course, clumsy and unsatisfactory; but inventors kept working at them, making them better both for cooking and for heating, and by the middle of the nineteenth century the stove was practically what it is to-day. Stoves proved to be so much better than fireplaces, that the latter were gradually replaced in large part by the former. Our affection, however, for a blazing fire is strong, and it is not likely that the old-fashioned fireplace will ever entirely disappear.

The French stove just described is intended to heat only one room. If a house with a dozen rooms is to be heated, a dozen stoves are necessary. About one hundred years ago there began to appear an invention by which a house of many rooms could be heated by means of one stove. This invention was the *furnace*. Place in the cellar a large stove, and run pipes from the stove to the different rooms of the house, and you have a furnace. Doubtless we got our idea of the furnace from the Roman hypocaust, although the Roman invention had no special pipe for the smoke. The first furnaces sent out only hot air, but in recent years steam or hot water is sent out through the pipes to *radiators*, which are simply second-

dary stoves set up in convenient places and at a distance from the source of the heat, the furnace in the cellar. Furnaces were invented for the purpose of heating large buildings, but they are now used in ordinary dwellings.

In its last and most highly developed form, the stove appears not only without dust and smoke, but also without even a fire in the cellar. The modern *electric* stove, of course,



FIG. 7.—AN OLD-FASHIONED FIREPLACE AND OVEN.

is meant. Pass a slight current of electricity through a piece of platinum wire, and the platinum becomes hot. You have made a diminutive electric stove. Increase the strength of your current and pass it through something which offers greater resistance than the platinum, and you get more heat. The electric stove is a new invention, and at present it is too expensive for general use, although the number of houses in which it is used is rapidly increasing, and in time it may drive out all other kinds of stoves. It will certainly drive them all out if the cost of electricity even in greater degree than the cost of the stove itself shall be sufficiently reduced; for it is the cleanest, the healthiest, the most convenient, and the most easily controlled of stoves.



## SLEEPY-TIME SONG.

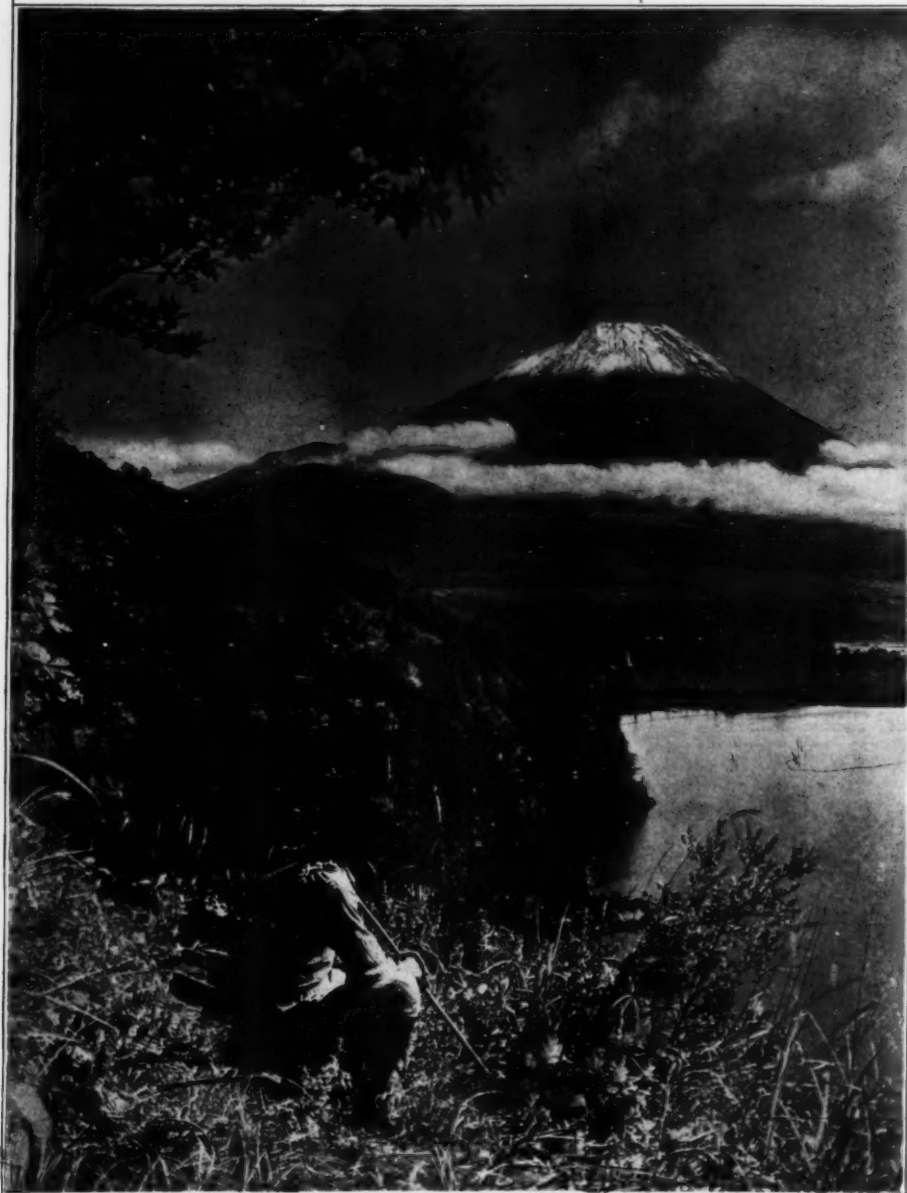
BY ANNE F. BARR.

WHEN sleepy winds sing low, sing low,  
And stir the shadows on the lawn,  
Then, laddie wee, 't is time to go  
The way the sun has gone.  
The silver moon is hung on high  
To light the sleepy sun to bed—  
Lay down, like him, your golden head;  
We 'll sing your lullaby,  
The winds and I.

The sleepy winds sing low, sing low—  
They 're calling gentle dreams to you:  
In fairy-fields where poppies blow  
The dreams they bring you blew.  
The pink is fading from the sky,  
The stars are peeping one by one:  
So sink to sleep, my little son;  
We 'll sing your lullaby,  
The winds and I.



PICTURES FROM THE ISLAND EMPIRE  
OF JAPAN.



FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN, SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

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THEATRE STREET, TOKIO.



ON THE BAY OF MATSUSHIMA.



THE BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL OF YU-NO-TAKI.



JAPANESE FISHERMEN ON LAKE HIKONE.

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PROVOKING.

THE MOUSE: "HELLO! HELLO! IS THAT YOU, MALTESEER, OLD BOY? WELL, WE 'RE DOWN HERE IN THE PANTRY. TOO BAD YOU CAN'T JOIN US, BUT THE DOORS ARE CLOSED!"

THE MALTESE: "EH, WHAT 'S THAT? HOLD THE WIRE, PLEASE!"

## A JOLLY GAME

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

SOMETIMES when Mother goes away,  
Father and I have *such* good play.

Why, even when it's time for bed,  
He lets me play at making bread.

(We laugh and try to fool each other,—  
Making believe we don't miss Mother!)

I play the flour is Arctic snows;  
And my two hands are Eskimos

Building a little hut or trail.  
Then we take water from the pail,

And make a soft and plumpy dough.  
I pat it, and I knead it,— so.

Then Father laughs, and shakes his head,  
And says, "That 's funny-looking bread!"

And I laugh back at him and say:  
"The chickens like it, anyway!"

Father and I are truly chums;  
(But, my! we 're glad when Mother comes!)



"FATHER AND I HAVE *SUCH* GOOD PLAY."

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

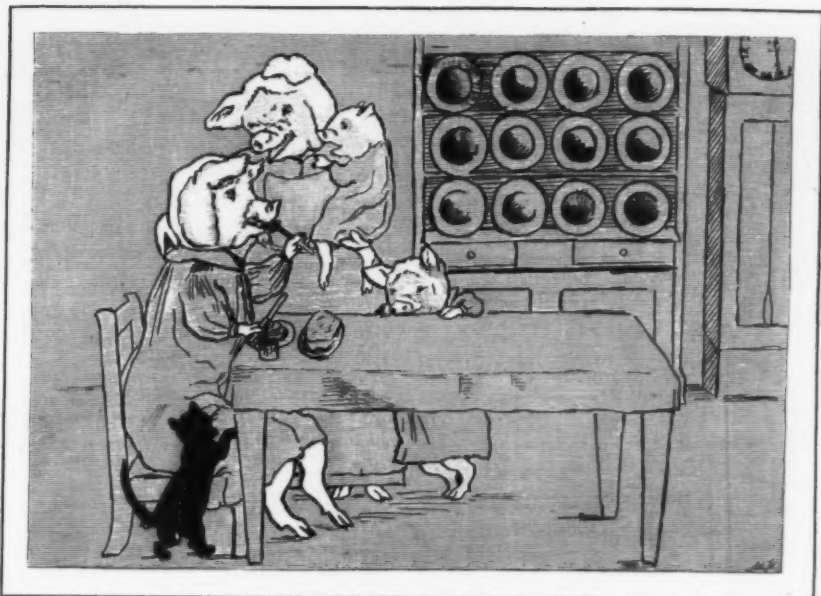


"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."



"THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME."

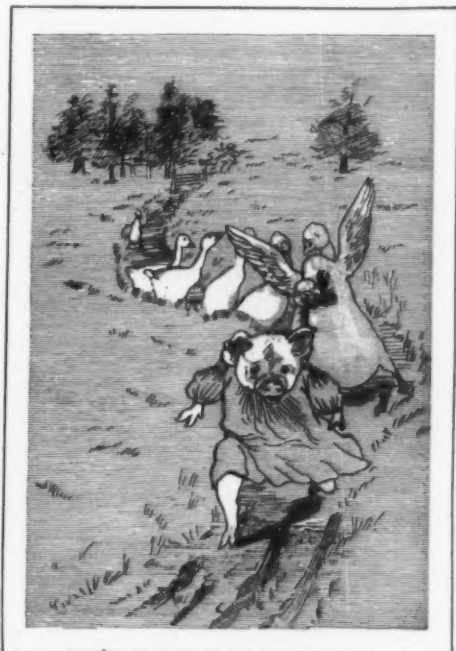




"THIS LITTLE FIG HAD ROAST BEEF."



"AND THIS LITTLE FIG HAD NONE."



"THIS LITTLE FIG CRIED 'WEE, WEE, WEE, I CAN NOT FIND MY WAY HOME.'"



THE FLOWERS AND HALF-GROWN LEAVES OF THE SWAMP OAK.

The young leaves still show the effects of their long winter compression in the partly curled and folded lobes. In color they are of light yellow-green. The long stems allow the leaves to wave freely, and the upper glossy surfaces reflect the light; so, when they shift and shimmer with the breeze, the tree appears of feathery lightness and grace. The beautiful fairy-like appearance is increased by the yellow tassels of the staminate flowers which toss and swing from all the slender twigs.—H. J. S.

#### TREE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THE first noticeable and beautiful flowers of spring, with but few exceptions, bloom near the earth on low growing stems, and only when May has come with milder airs and less

boisterous winds do the trees expand their flowers.



FLOWERS OF THE BLUE-BERRY.  
The urn-shaped bells suggest the form of the fruit.

Then, the apple-orchard's rose-colored domes surround the barn's gray gable like billows of sunrise-tinted clouds drifting about some granite mountain peak;

while separate trees, like detached wreaths of vapor, hang poised above the ploughed fields and distant meadows.

The spreading creamy flower-heads of the black-haw decorate the borders of the green lanes and the roadside thickets, while against the misty purple woodlands the dogwood spreads its wide white shelves of bloom.

These are the showiest blossoms of the sea-

son but every other tree has its equally characteristic and equally interesting flowers. Yes, the woods have now become great hanging gardens, yet do we always pause as we should, to explore them? Here, by the pond, a group of lofty swamp oaks tower high into the air above us; and, as our eyes penetrate the shifting, shimmering mass of bright green foliage, that at first is all that we see. Soon, however, tossing yellow tassels are seen, swinging from all the branches, and these minute florets clustered on slender threads are the oak-tree flowers. The scarlet oak has somewhat larger but very similar tassels and as this form of blossom—the ament—is characteristic of the entire family, we would do well to remember the botanical name. These drooping fringes veil



FLOWERS AND YOUNG LEAVES OF THE SASSAFRAS.  
The sulphur-yellow flowers appear with the young leaves.

the gnarled and twisted boughs until the oak tree seems to belie its traditional severe character and clothes its rugged strength with fairy-like grace and beauty. The pink and saffron coloring of this thin veil owes much to the unfolding leaves, for their satiny surfaces are flushed with orange, sienna and scarlet with a flower-like beauty which outrivals the aments. These aments are the flowers that produce the pollen. There is another set of blossoms situated in the axils of the leaves and not so easily seen, from which the acorns grow. At other times of the year the great oaks preserve such a sombre and sternly majestic poise that this springtime transformation, this breaking forth of youthful life and beauty from the aged trunks is most beautiful. It is a vision upon which to gaze and marvel! There are oaks to-day in England which are putting forth their flowers and young leaves just as they did when William the Conqueror began his reign eight centuries ago!

The hornbeam, so named for its tough and close-grained fibre, develops aments of equally graceful but more compact and stouter form. Here, too, the most noticeable flowers are the pollen aments. The catkins, from which the peculiar hornbeam fruit will develop, are much smaller and are shown in the upper part of the illustration as hanging fringes at the ends of the branches.

These, with the catkins of the alder and the birch are likely to droop nearer our line of vision and so are more readily seen. Within easy reach the pink bells of the blueberry are arranged in long rows upon the branches just as the well-known berries will be in the later months. The sassafras with its many yellow flowers forms a striking feature of the low thickets.

The sweet-gum or liquidambar tree is another swamp-dweller and although rare in New Eng-

land, outside of Connecticut, is common throughout the other eastern states. It is worthy of our admiration and study, especially in this season of development. As the protective winter scales fall away, the buds slowly swell and assume the form of an upright conical flower-cluster; while the young leaves at the base, all curled and contorted, gradually unfold and reach outward with an abandon and careless grace most beautiful to see. Slowly the leaves broaden and as they lengthen, develop a firmer texture and darker color, until the five-pointed star of the mature leaf is grown complete. While this development goes on, a rough green globe swings off on a slender stem from below and drops lower and lower until it hangs two inches or more below the leaves. Now, it enlarges with the swelling seeds inside, turns to darker green and hangs so upon the tree all summer. When autumn

Proceeding from below upward the flowers are: sweet gum, scarlet oak, and hornbeam. The small pistillate aments of the hornbeam are shown at the branch ends above.

turns it brown the warty projections split open to let loose the seeds; or, the entire fruit is



LATER DEVELOPMENT OF FLOWERS AND LEAVES OF THE SWEET GUM.

The leaves show the form of approaching maturity.

shaken off by the winds and falls into the pond nearby. When we come to skate here in the cold winter days, probably these spiky capsules will be the first objects to engage our attention as they project half way above the smooth black ice, perhaps to remind us of the spring days when they first swung off from the parent tree, like pendulums, and swung back and forth through the long summer days.

HOWARD J.

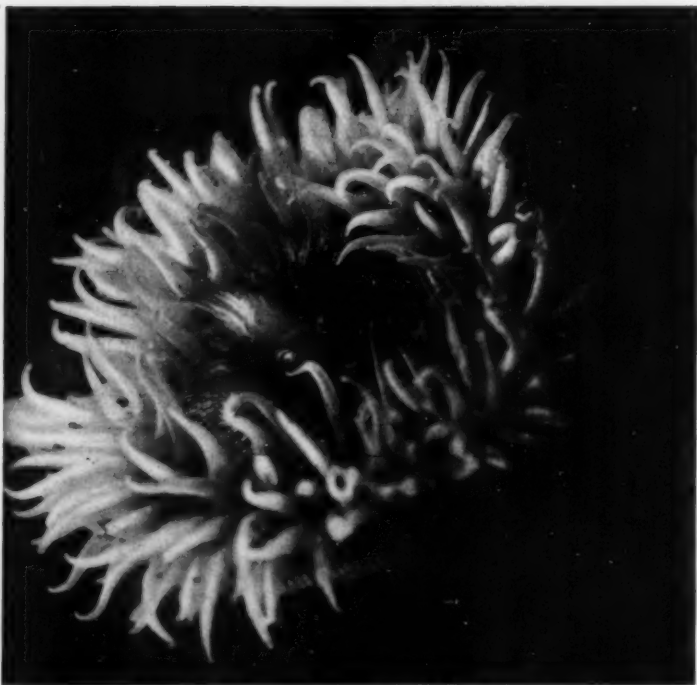
SHANNON.

#### A FINE SPECIMEN AND PHOTOGRAPH OF SEA ANEMONE.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, the editor of NATURE AND SCIENCE was in the aquarium at Avalon, California. A naturalist, in such places, usually has his camera with him, and this day was no exception. In one of the aquaria was an exceptionally fine sea anemone with tentacles well expanded. The result of a photograph of it is shown herewith.

The specimen, with the rock to which it was attached, was taken from the ocean and placed in the aquarium. It is fed twice a week on small pieces of fish or meat, and also some fine, tender shoots of seaweed. When sea anemone are in their native state in the ocean, they capture very small fish and minute specimens of sea and plant life.

The anemone is an animal, but is attached to a rock or some other firm anchorage, and this permanent location and the flower-like tentacles give the animal somewhat the appearance of a beautiful sub-marine blossom.



THE SEA-ANEMONE WITH EXPANDED FLOWER-LIKE TENTACLES.

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### A PLANT THAT GROWS NEW PLANTS FROM ITS LEAVES.

Many strange plants and animals thrive in what we call "the tropics," or those regions that extend for a certain distance on both sides



NO. 1.—PHOTOGRAPH OF MY PLANT THIS LAST SEASON.

Note leaves scattered on ground, as other plants scatter seeds. These leaves take root on edges and grow to full-sized plants.

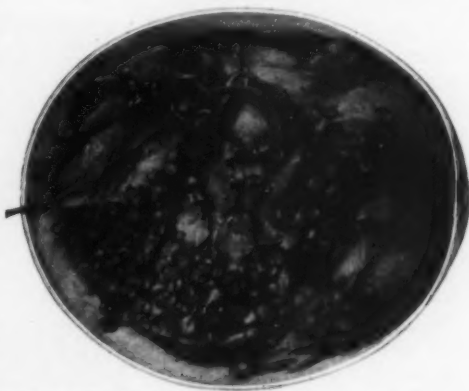
of the equator. The tropical air is always warm and damp, so that most plants grow rapidly, and often have surprising habits. Among the strangest is what the botanist calls *Bryophyllum*, a Greek word meaning "sprouting from the leaf." The plant is shown in photograph 1, as it appears in my garden. The leaves are thick and "fleshy," and have the habit of producing new plants from their edges, so that the young *Bryophyllum* actually grows out of the old leaves. The plants are abundant in Bermuda, where they often cover and nearly conceal the stone-walls, the bronzy green leaves clinging in the crevices, the young sprouts forming little islands of light green amid the darker mass. My specimen (Photograph 1) dropped its leaves on the ground, as there shown, much as other plants may drop

their seeds, and where, if undisturbed, they would soon have had young growths along the edges. But I put them in a tub, and covered them with glass, keeping the air warm and moist. Photograph 2 shows what followed. Young plants sprouted from the edges, and in a short time became nearly perfect, as shown in Photograph 3. If allowed to stay on the old leaf, they will not only form roots, but will become full-grown plants.

A little Bog Orchis (*Malaxis paludosa*) found in the marshes of England, has a similar habit of forming buds at the edges of the leaves, but this tropical *Bryophyllum* will live and thrive if only a single leaf be pinned to the wall of a warm, damp room. It is cultivated in Florida, where it is called the "Curtain Plant," because it will grow, in its peculiar way, when pinned to the window-curtain.

A botanist friend writes me:

"A plant named *Sedum Sieboldii*, which came originally from Japan, belongs in the same botanical Family with *Bryophyllum*, and is often cultivated in our northern gardens, where it will live unharmed by our cold winters. This, to a certain extent, has a habit similar to that of its tropical relative. The edges of its leaves will not sprout, but I have had a dry and apparently dead stem produce young plants after it had been hung on the wall of my library. At intervals along the stalk, little green objects, looking like small cabbages as much as anything, grew out, and produced delicate, colorless rootlets in the air, while still clinging to the apparently dead stem. These 'cabbages' either fell off, or I picked them off, and when only laid on the earth, developed into plants like the old ones. All apparently dead *Sedum*



NO. 2.—The leaves which were found on the ground were put in a shallow tub and covered with glass. The small plants can be seen sprouting from the edges of all the leaves.



will form similar 'cabbages,' if it is thrust into a pot, and kept warm and moist in the house. But *Bryophyllum* from Bermuda is perhaps the most interesting. Still, if you can get a *Sedum* stalk, its conduct will surely please you. The *Sedum* plants grow in luxuriant



No. 3.—Near view of the small plants growing from edge of leaf.

bunches, and form dense clusters (cymes) of purple flowers late in the summer. The flowers of *Bryophyllum* are also purplish."

Professor L. H. Bailey states that "the leaves of the *Bryophyllum* are sour in the morning, tasteless at noon and somewhat bitter toward night. This change has been attributed to the absorption of oxygen at night and its disengagement in daylight."

Both the *Bryophyllum* and *Sedum* can be obtained from the florists. I intend to experiment with them this coming season. Will our young readers please do the same? Next autumn we will "compare notes" as to our successes and further discoveries.

#### AN ODD BIRD.

WHEN the first skin of a kiwi was shown some English naturalists about seventy years ago, they were greatly perplexed as to its relationship. The kiwi is a native of New Zealand, and while once very common there, is now becoming extinct. Its remarkable peculiarities are—first, the apparent absence of wings, as

the plumage so covers the small, rudimentary, stick-like appendage of a wing, that none whatever is apparent. The situation of the nostrils, at the bill's extremity, is a second peculiar feature. While hunting for earth-worms it probes the soft ground, making a continual sniffing sound; thus the scent is evidently of great help in finding food, and the reason for the position of the nostrils quite apparent.

A third peculiarity is the very disproportionate size of the egg in comparison to the bird, it being a little less than one fourth the bird's own weight. One kiwi's egg found weighed fourteen and one half ounces, while the bird weighed just under four pounds (sixty-four ounces) and was about the size of an ordinary hen.

The plumage of the kiwi is a dull brown streaked with light gray, and the body resembles a miniature hay-shock, rather badly hacked off at the rear-part, as nature has not provided the kiwi with such a decoration as a tail. The absence of wings is compensated for by their swiftness of foot, and the large, clumsy-looking legs, which are sometimes used as weapons, are placed far back on the oddly shaped body.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.



A KIWI STARTING OUT IN THE EVENING IN SEARCH OF FOOD.

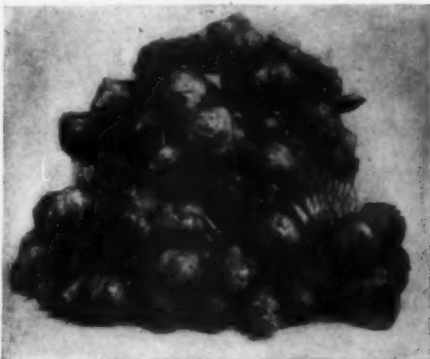
### DELICIOUS TUBERS ON THE ROOTS OF SUN-FLOWERS.

Most young folks in the country are familiar with the sweet, crisp, juicy tubers known as artichokes. These grow on the roots of the sunflower known to botanists as *Helianthus tuberosus*, and are commonly called Jerusalem artichokes. Under this common name you will find the tubers offered for sale in most seed catalogues.

The plants are easily grown in almost any kind of soil. At first glance the tubers have somewhat the appearance of potatoes, but unlike them they may be eaten raw like radishes, or they may be pickled or cooked. Recipes are to be found in all cook books.

I raise a few every year, more as a continuation of boyhood recollections of the old farm than for any other reason. But their natural history interest and their edible qualities, are good reasons for calling attention to them, for I find that they are not generally known to the city or suburban people of the present day.

These artichokes are entirely different (yet not far distant in a botanical way) from the globe artichokes which are grown in California, and perhaps elsewhere exclusively for their edible flower buds. These are never eaten raw. Even when cooked they are rather tasteless. Personally, I think they are not to be compared, as an acceptable vegetable, with the Jerusalem artichoke, sometimes even now found in old fashioned gardens.



THE JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

May be eaten raw. Crisp as a radish—sweet and juicy.

? "BECAUSE WE  
? WANT TO KNOW  
? ??????????????

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York

### COLOR OF MAPLES.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question to ask you. Why is it that, when the maples are budding in the spring, some are red and others are green? I suppose



THE FLOWERS AND YOUNG LEAVES OF THE NORWAY MAPLE.

The greenish-yellow flowers come first, but remain until the leaves begin to open; so, both flowers and foliage are present at the same time.

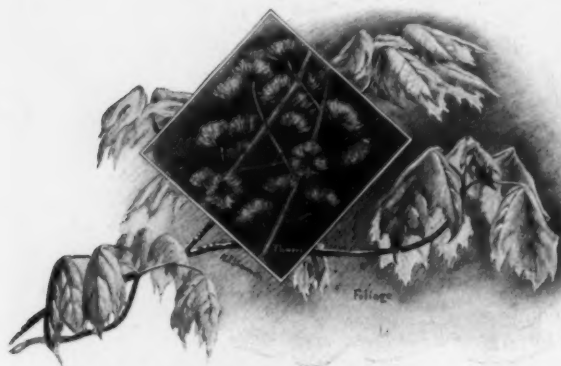
they are different kinds of maples. If so, what are they? I have not been able to find out.

Your faithful reader,

HATTIE B. WETHERDEE.

When the buds of the trees open in spring each variety of maple takes on its characteristic coloring, and this tinge of scarlet, crimson or yellow is due to the color of the individual flowers or leaves. That crimson flush along the brooks early in March is caused by the opening scarlet flowers of the red or swamp maple. In April, when these flowers have fallen, the young leaves break forth from the buds and with their beautiful colors of orange, red or deep crimson again clothe the tree in ruddy tints. The silver maple trees so common

along the city streets have flowers quite similar in form to those of the red maple, but of a more yellowish-buff color, so the tree when in bloom has a bronze-yellow appearance.



THE FLOWERS AND UNFOLDING LEAVES OF THE RED MAPLE.

The red or orange-red flowers, shown in the square, open in March, but soon fall from the trees. Later the bright, crimson leaves begin to unfold.

The bright yellow flowers of the Norway maple clothe its towering crown with their multitudes and, before they fall, the young leaves appear and tinge the yellow with fresh green. I have a certain village in mind whose streets are lined with Norway maples. One can look down upon its avenues in the afternoon when the sun is low and shining through these yellow flowers and early foliage, and the trees have the appearance of being lighted from within so great is their brilliancy, and the countryside glows with the fullness of the golden yellow inflorescence. HOWARD J. SHANNON.

#### A GLISTENING TOAD.

SWEET CHALYBEATE, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking one evening with my mother, we saw a toad near us. There was a little bright spot on his side, near his head. It came and went like the light of a firefly, but there was no firefly there. Will you please tell me what it was?

From your interested reader,

MABEL UPDEGRAFF.

The toad probably hid in some damp log during the day, and some phosphorescent matter had adhered to its body. R. L. DITMARS.

#### A CAT SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

ARMDALE, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in ST. NICHOLAS that if any one had an old cat to write and tell you about it.

We have an old cat, seventeen years old. We call her Mrs. Bunch and she plays with her tail and runs about just like a little kitten. She begs like a dog and has nearly scratched a leg of the kitchen table through, sharpening her claws. She likes to get up on my

shoulder at mealtime and she is very fond of us all.

From your interested reader,

MARGARET F. GRANT.

#### SMOOTH FACE BY SEVERE METHODS.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed your books ever since I can remember and I would like to know why it is Indians never have any hair at all on their faces but are perfectly smooth.

Your faithful reader,

ELISE VAN VECHTEN.

The male Indians do have beards but they pull out the hairs. Some of the tribes on the North Pacific Coast allow the hair to grow on

the upper lip. However, the growth of hair upon the face is much less among the Indians than among Europeans. The negro and some of the Malay race have a scanty growth of hair upon the face but pull it out also. As to why these differences exist there is no satisfactory answer. No race is beardless.

#### TRUE AND FALSE SWAMP APPLES.

SAWKILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: All around in the country where I live, a queer shrub grows and I would like to



"FALSE" SWAMP APPLES.

Green empty bags. Not good to eat.



"TRUE" SWAMP APPLES.  
Solid, juicy and good to eat.

have you tell me what it is. It grows about as high as the May-apple bushes of whose fruit I am very fond. From a distance the "fruit" somewhat resembles the fruit of the May-flower, but strange to relate, while the "May-apples" are solid and juicy, the "fruit" of this very queer shrub proves to be nothing as far as substance is concerned. The "fruit" resembles small "bags" on which is a white bloom like flour. The "bags" are green and empty. If you cannot determine the name of the shrub I will send you some of the leaves and fruit, as it is very easy to procure since it grows in our brush lots, by the roads, and even in our dooryard. Please tell me the name if you can, "because I want to know," and oblige

Your loving reader, MABEL STARK.

What you call the "May-apple bushes" have always been known to me and I think are generally known at least to New England young folks, as swamp apple bushes (*Azalea nudiflora*). I think this is a better name for it because the true May-apple is the mandrake (*Podophyllum*) a low herb with umbrella-like leaves. The fruit of this May-apple is also edible, but the leaves and roots are poisonous.

What you and most young people call the "fruit" of the Azalea is a modification (like galls caused by gall insects) but caused by a parasitic fungus growth (*Exobasidium azaleae*).

This is solid, juicy, and liked by most country young folks. Country people also make pickles of them by putting them in vinegar. I always knew these as the "true swamp apples"; that is, "true, because they are good to eat."

What you describe as the bag is a gall-like modification caused by another "gall" producing fungus, (*Exobasidium andromedae*) which attacks the andromeda bush, (*Andromeda ligustrina*). It is a result similar to that caused by the attack of another fungus on a little different bush. The azalea and andromeda are similar in appearance, especially when viewed from a short distance. These bag-like distortions upon the andromeda arise from leaf or flower buds, and in size are from two to six inches in length. I knew them in boyhood days as the false swamp apples—"false" because not good to eat, and swamp apples because they and the bush resemble the "true" swamp apples of the azalea.

A similar *Exobasidium* fungus causes growths on the blueberry bushes that look like large, wavy blossoms, quite unlike the true ones.

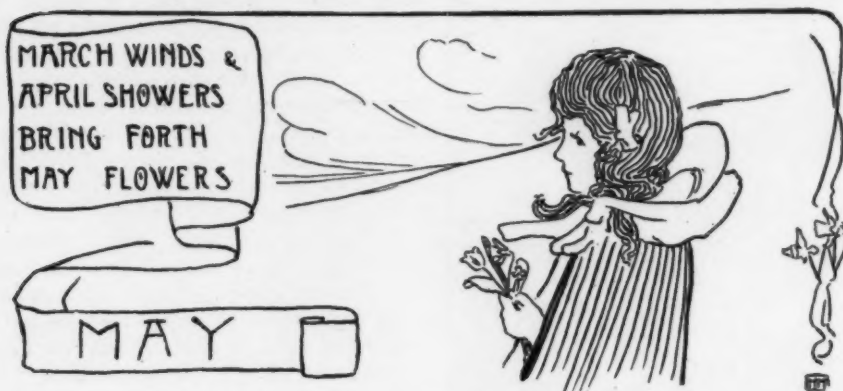
None of these growths are the true fruit, although those you send are fruit-like in appearance. The true fruit of the azalea is what is known to botanists as a capsule. It is dry and hard and contains many scale-like seeds.



THE TRUE FRUITS OF THE AZALEA.

These capsules are hard and dry and contain many scale-like seeds.

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY HESTER MARGETSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Now seven times one are twenty-one,  
And four times two are six,  
And June's begun ere April's done,  
And March and August mix.

THAT is about as straight as we can get our calculations these days. All these strike troubles have made it bothersome for the editors, especially for the editors of the League department where there are monthly competitions and special prize subjects suitable to the season. The March number was made up so early that the League had to be omitted altogether, and we had only a part of our usual space in April so that a

good deal of the March matter was left out entirely. Now we have all our pages back, but we are putting the April competition into May—at least a part of it, saving the rest for some month in the future—June perhaps, or July, or August, or some other good and proper month when contributions run scarce enough to give us room. We have a good assortment of March matter on hand, too, which we hope to work in by and by, and if it should happen that we have April showers in June and snow storms in August and maybe harvest time in December—in the pictures, we mean, of course—our readers must be patient and enduring and try to make the best of a rainy June and a chilly

August for the sake of the "hot time" that may happen along about Christmas. Of the new readers and League members, who don't know how really systematic we can be when we are running smoothly, we can only ask that they suspend judgment until—well, say until after they have been through this upsidedown season with us and our printers. At least it will be good fun to guess each month whether the next number will give us March winds, or July fireworks, or an exhibition of something pretty late in the fall. After all, it is rather nice to be uncertain of just what we are to have in the way of entertainment, and this year we have added this feature to the League's other attractions.

Perhaps for the very latest readers and members, it might be well to say that the St. Nicholas League is



"AN OLD LANDMARK." BY ARTHUR JENNINGS WHITE, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)



an organization of St. Nicholas readers, and when we are in good running order there are gold and silver and cash prizes regularly awarded, three months after each competition. It costs nothing to belong to the League, and badges and full instructions are sent free on application. The League is really a great art and literary school, where progress is made by sincere effort and by comparative study—these being the most important factors in all art and literary progress. It was begun more than six years ago and today many of its earlier members are among the ranks of the world's professional workers.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPE- TITION No. 76.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Cash prize, **Margaret Stewart Brown** (age 16), Glendevon, Devonshire Pl., Eastbourne, Eng.

Gold badge, **Aileen Hyland** (age 12), care C. D. Hyland, Sta. L. Lake Merced, San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Jeannette Covert** (age 9), 721 Adams St., Evansville, Ind., and **Katherine Gericke** (age 12), Upland Rd., Brookline, Mass.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Margaret Spahr** (age 12), 341 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J., and **Janet McLeod Golden** (age 13), 611 N. McKean St., Kittanning, Pa.

Silver badges, **Mary Graham Bonner** (age 16),



"AN OLD LANDMARK" (AT LEXINGTON). BY GEORGE D. ROBINSON, AGE 13.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

and **Roland E. Coate** (age 15), 36 S. 12th St., Richmond, Ind.

**Photography.** Cash Prize, **Arthur Jennings White** (age 15), 3417 Race St., Phil., Pa.

Gold badges, **George D. Robinson** (age 13), 149 Mill St., Springfield, Mass.

Silver Badges, **Clarence Barton Brewster** (age 12), Manheim St., Germantown, Phil., and **Caroline B. Sarmiento** (age 14), 10 Via San Gallo, Florence, Italy.

**Wild-Animal and Bird Photography.** First prize, "Young Crows" by **Lowell Pierce Emerson** (age 17), Heckley Upper School, Tarrytown, N. Y. Second prize, "Moose Swimming" by **Harold S. Woodhouse** (age 15), "The Gunner," Washington, Conn. Third prize, "Blue Heron" by **Gerald L. Kaufman** (age 12), 101 W. 80th St., New York City.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Gertrude Loving** (age 16), Falls Church, Va., and **Joseph S. Boudwin** (age 13), Girard College, Phil. Pa.

Silver badges, **Bruce T. Simonds** (age 10), 339 Norman St., Bridgeport, Conn., and **Robert L. Moore** (age 9), Hazelbrook Farm, Wayland, Mass.

**Puzzle-answers.** Gold badge, **Carolyn L. Palmer** (age 16), 138 E. Sixth St., Plainfield, N. J.

Silver badges, **Prue K. Jamieson** (age 11), Lawrenceville, N. J., and **Muriel von Tunzelmann** (age 13), Ripple Vale Cottage, Ripple, Dover, Kent, England.



"AN OLD LANDMARK" (TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE, PAESTUM, ITALY). BY  
CAROLINE B. SARMIENTO, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

7 Kent St., Halifax, N. S., and **Grace E. Moore** (age 10), 39 Leland Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

**Drawing.** Gold badges, **Hester Margetson** (age 15), Blewbury, Near Didcot, Berkshire, Eng., **Sybil Emerson** (age 13), West Carrollton, Ohio, and **Emily W. Browne** (age 16), 529 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Leonard Ochtman, Jr.** (age 11), Coscob, Conn., **Eleanor Copenhaver** (age 9), Marion, Va.,

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#### THE CHARM OF BYGONE DAYS.

BY MARGARET STUART BROWNE (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

The truly great and good can never die;  
What though their bones in carven marble lie,  
The spell of Fancy calls them to return,  
While, many-hued, the lamps of memory burn.

In solemn aisle of Abbey, gray and old,  
In palace-hall, with roof of dusky gold,  
And, where the scars of battle rend the plain,  
In all their glory, they return again.

Bayard's pure plume still nods in foremost fray,  
Brave Jacques de Lalain shakes his pennon gay,  
And lustrous, moon-white armour clashes still  
As poor Quixote strikes the whirling mill.

Though all that rests of a once-beauteous maid  
Is a mute spinet and some pale brocade,  
Still, when the fireflies shine like golden glass,  
Bright-eyed Rowena trips across the grass.

A thousand shadows come, on silent feet,  
To where Today and Yesterday may meet;  
And, when the misty visions gather fast,  
The Present seems no nearer than the Past.

The banner rots above the crumbling tomb,  
Rusted the helmet, gone the azure plume,  
But still to us, eternal as the sky,  
Comes the sweet glamour of the days gone by!



"A RAINY DAY HEADING." BY SYBIL EMERSON, AGE 13.  
(GOLD BADGE.)



"YOUNG CROWS." BY LOWELL FIERCE EMERSON, AGE 17.  
(FIRST PRIZE WILD BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.)

#### A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET SPAHR (AGE 12).  
(Gold Badge.)

FRANCIS GURNEY, a great-great-grandfather of mine, was part owner of a merchant-ship which was captured by the French during the Revolution. This was probably a mistake, as France was a friendly power, but many such mistakes occurred.

After the close of the Revolution, those whose property had been taken by the French complained of this fact, and the United States asked France for the amount of all these claims.

Soon after this demand, the required amount was received from France and it was supposed that the distribution would be made.

But first the bill had to go through Congress and the time for doing this was put off again and again, as there was such a lot of more important business. Also, many extravagant claims were put in and speculators bought many more, so Congress felt that the money would not go to the true claimants, if it were distributed.

Meanwhile the money was placed in the treasury of the United States.

Later, a firm of lawyers undertook to get the claim through Congress, but as the bill was "laid upon the table" every time, there was no result.

When mother was a little girl, "The French Claim" was a very real thing. If it should be paid, there would be money enough to send them all to college, for a trip to Europe, and countless other things beside. All their "castles in the air" were founded on "The French Claim." If only the money would be paid!

It might be said that the value of the ship was not as great as it would seem from what I have just said. It was counted that compound interest would be paid on the money.

Last fall, mother received a letter from a firm of lawyers, and this said that "The French Claim" had gone through Congress at last and that my mother, my uncles, and my aunt would each get a forty-eighth of the claim of Francis Gurney, this share amounting to—between six and seven dollars! Lawyers' fees had been taken from the claim and no interest had been paid!

The money has come and it is to be spent in France, since it is from "The French Claim." But all my mother's "castles in the air" have fallen over her ears. As one of my uncles said, "We would rather have the splendid dreams than the meager reality."



"MOOSE SWIMMING." BY HAROLD S. WOODHOUSE, AGE 15.  
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"A SPRING HEADING." BY EMILY W. BROWNE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

### A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY JANET MACLEOD GOLDEN (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

ONCE upon a time, way back in the middle ages, the clan MacLeod was a very strong clan in Scotland, and the fairies or "little people" favored it much. So the Queen of the fairies gave to the chief a wonderful flag which possessed the quality of granting them three wishes, but only in time of great need. The flag was carefully laid away and not brought out for a long while.

At last there was great woe at Dunvegan, the castle of the MacLeods, for the heir was lost. Then some one thought of the flag and it was used, and soon after the boy was found.

A second time it was used to save the chief from death, and carefully laid away again, but, alas, so carefully that it could not be found till, in 1799, an iron chest that seemed keyless was broken open and found to contain an inner case in which was a scented casket, in that the fairy flag.

Now, before the finding of the flag a seer had predicted that when the third Norman son of an English lady should perish accidentally, the "Maidens" (three large rocks in the ocean belonging to MacLeod) should

April  
Now does the earth that  
is cut for the plow  
Receive, as a salve, the seed  
of a harvest.



"BLUE HERON." BY GERALD KAUFMAN, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"AN OLD LANDMARK." (RITTENHOUSE HOMESTEAD, PHIL., PA.) BY CLARENCE BARTON BREWSTER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

be sold to the Campbells; a fox should litter in the castle; and the fairy flag be found. The glory of the MacLeods would then depart, but to be more than recovered in the future when another chief called Ian Breac should arise.

In 1799 all these things happened, but at the present time the heir presumptive is called Ian Breac, so it is to be hoped that the glory of the MacLeod's will return.

The fairy flag is still shown at Dunvegan Castle, on the Isle of Skye. It is of fine yellow silk and has many so called "elf marks" on it in red silk thread.

Lovers of Scott's poems will recognize these lines of his translation of "Mackrimmon's Lament," an old song composed by a piper of the clan MacLeod:

"MacLeod's wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,  
The rowers are seated,  
Unmoored are the galleys."

I have before me as I write a letter from the twenty-third chief of the clan, in which he tells me that though the belief in fairies is probably gone, the flag is still there to convince people of this tradition.

## A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

My great uncle, Isaac N. Arnold who wrote the "Life of Lincoln," was one of President Lincoln's most intimate friends. His daughter and one of my aunts, were, at the time of which I am going to write, young girls of about sixteen years of age.

Uncle Arnold had just received an invitation from President Lincoln to one of his afternoon receptions,



"AN OLD LANDMARK" (HASTING'S CHAPEL, ENGLAND.)  
BY HELEN FARFITT, AGE 14.

and, as these two young girls were very anxious to go Uncle Arnold asked Lincoln for an invitation for them.

The day of the reception dawned bright and fair, and, as the afternoon approached, the two girls were very much excited at the thought of going to meet Lincoln. They started off, and when they got into the drawing room of the White House, they saw Lincoln smiling and speaking to each person who walked past him. The two girls walked up to him and he spoke to them for a few moments.

It is often said that the great men who meet so many people, are the ones who remember faces and names best. Evidently these girls had not heard of that saying, for they thought that Lincoln would not remember them and they wanted to speak to him again; so they decided to join in the levee and to pass before him once more. As they stopped to speak, Lincoln said with a smile on his face, "Young ladies! I think I have had the pleasure of shaking hands with you before." This trite saying had come true, and the girls were rather crestfallen, though Lincoln who always appreciated a joke was quite amused. Later on, they



"A HEADING." BY LEONARD OCHTMAN, AGE 11.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of this great man and he always teased them about their first reception.

## BYGONE DAYS.

BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

THE day we once thought counted as to-morrow,  
And gave no heed, but deemed it far away,  
Comes on us quickly, bringing joy and sorrow,  
Before we know—another bygone day.

On toward us come the minutes, ever flying  
And make the hours that fade before our gaze;  
They quickly pass us; slowly they are dying,  
And then to us they are but bygone days.

For they are gone forever, not returning,—  
We see them on! through a gath'ring haze;  
Somehow it takes us long while we are learning  
That they are mingled with the bygone days.

## A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY GRACE E. MOORE (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

My Great-Great-Great Grandmother was visiting Mrs. Livingston, her sister, in the Livingston Manor House on the Hudson, which has since been sold for a gas factory. In honor of Sara Beekman's visit Mrs. Livingston gave a party at which George Washington was present. He was then a young man already ranking as high as a lieutenant in the English army.

During the party some wild young guest suggested the childish game of Hide-and-go-seek. As the party was in honor of Sara she had to be "it."

George Washington wanting to find a good place to hide chose a big spacious closet on the third floor.

After finding all the hidens, Sara could not find George but in some way or other she managed to find the place in which he was hidden. As Sara always enjoyed a good laugh and George was always so sober she wished to play a good joke on him, so stealing up to the closet she turned the key and left George a prisoner.

Sara still pretended to be hunting



"AN OLD WHEEL." BY ELEANOR COPEN-  
HAVER, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

for him for no one had suspected his being locked in. She kept on hunting for him until everyone was thoroughly frightened. Then Sara thinking it about time to close the joke went and let George out.

George Washington was much embarrassed, and was angry at Sara for a while but soon got over it.

A large picture of Sara Beekman by Sully now hangs in our drawing room, painted at about the time of the party.

But neither chief wanted to give up his name.

So they decided, that in honor of the place where they were brought to friendship, between those two rivers, where the deadly battle was to take place, but never did, they would name the young couple Crathern.

And from this has sprung my unfamiliar name Crathern,—the only one in the United States.

### BYGONE DAYS.

BY JEANNETTE COVERT (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

Oh, George, do you remember  
How we acted, that September,  
How we sang those songs and lays,  
Long ago in bygone days.

When we wandered by the brook,  
Always with our line and hook,  
And the sun's best, brightest rays  
Reached us in those bygone days.

When the doctor came to see us  
And we acted like grown men,  
Oh, George, my little brother,  
We were always happy then.

How we'd feed and watch the calf,  
And at its antics laugh.  
Oh, when I'm old, in many ways,  
I'll ne'er forget those happy days.

### A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ALICE TARBELL CRATHERN. (AGE 11).

LONG ago in the age of chivalry, there were two Scottish tribes, who were sworn enemies. They were continually having small and trifling battles.

But one day they decided on a final battle, to take place between two rivers, the Crath and the Ern.

About a week before the planned battle, the daughter of Chief Wallace strayed from home, and met the son of Chief Douglas.

They fell in love with each other, at first sight. And after talking of love, they found that their fathers were sworn enemies.

They then plotted a scheme of which we will now hear.

They went home and planned with their parents, that, instead of a bloody battle, they form a truce, and exchange hostages.

The day came, and, greatly to the surprise of Douglas, his son offered to go as hostage.

Wallace was greatly shocked when his only child, his daughter, asked permission to go as hostage, but finally consented.

Once over, they talked with each other's parents about marriage.

Now Wallace was charmed with this bold and heroic young man, and readily consented.

On the other hand Douglas was struck with the girl's beauty, and the winsomeness with which she pleaded her cause, and he thought it would be excellent.



"AN OLD RELIC" (THE REEL). BY ROLAND E. COATE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

### BYGONE DAYS.

BY KATHARINE GERICK (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

My wig is lost, my eyes are out,  
My arms and legs are gone,  
Upon a dirty rubbish heap,  
Deserted and forlorn,

I lie and think of better days,  
When, cared for with much love  
A little maiden cherished me,  
And I was held above  
All others who inhabited  
The nursery regions fair.  
My eyes were blue, my dress was  
white,  
And golden was my hair.  
Each night I lay 'neath covers  
white  
In my own little bed,  
Each day my mistress wheeled  
me out,  
All dressed in white and red,  
To see the world, and taste the air.  
Yet oh, alas! one day  
A great big dog, all brown and  
black,  
Ran right to where I lay.



"AN OLD LANDMARK." BY FRANCES W. HARRIMAN, AGE 13.



He snatched me up, and tore me quite,  
And left me lying so,  
And now I'm here and contemplate  
From day to day my woe.

and he lived several days with only an old overcoat to wear. This happened in the old homestead which still stands on Long Island, at Flatbush. Cornelius Vanderveer was my three times great-grandfather.

### A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LILLIE H. VANDERVEER  
(AGE 12).

WHEN the English came to Flatbush in August, 1776, all the women and children fled from their homes to their friends in New Jersey.

After Cornelius Vanderveer had taken his wife and children to a safe place, he went home to get his gun. He found the English in possession of the town. He went to his home, got what he wanted, and started on a long trip to the American lines.

On the way he was captured by a British soldier and taken before a high officer who said he must be hung.

They had the rope around his neck and even began to tie it to a tree when one of the officers who had known Vanderveer before proposed they should wait and take him before Lord Cornwallis.

This was done, and Lord Cornwallis sent him to New Utrecht where some of his friends secured his release and an order, saying that he was under Lord Cornwallis's protection and was not to be disturbed.

Vanderveer was sure this order would make him safe, and went home.

He found a company of Hessians, stabling their horses in some of the rooms, using the bureau drawers for feeding troughs.

They took every stitch of clothing from Vanderveer,



*Doris Shaw*

"LONELY WE WANDERED, MY FRIEND AND I"  
(SEE POEM BY DORIS M. SHAW.)

### BYGONE DAYS.

BY DORIS M. SHAW (AGE 15.)  
(Honor Member.)

OH, for the bygone, joyous days  
When we walked with the  
wind and the sun  
Over the fields, and the tangled  
ways

Where the wood-born rabbits  
run;

Under the gleaming, wind-  
swept sky,

In the throb of the harps of  
the wind,

Lonely we wandered, my friend  
and I,

Till we left the world behind.  
And when the dawn was grey

and wild,  
And the winter's songs were

long and chill,  
And spring was but a grey-eyed

child,  
We fled across the rain-sweet

hill  
To where the wheeling peewits

ride,  
'Neath the winged galleons

of the sky—

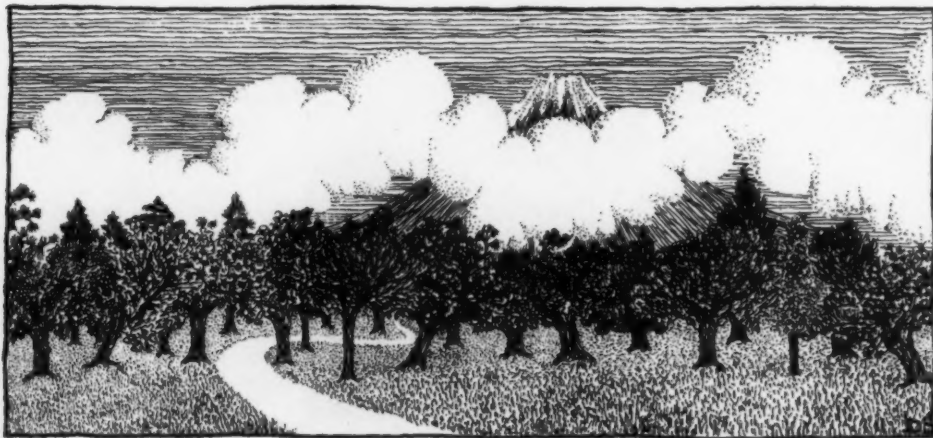
Scattered on fallows, grey and wide—  
The welkin giving back their cry.

And often in the early spring  
We stood and, spellbound, listened long

(Where the shining-handed ivies cling)  
To the thrushes ringing song.

And when the day was bright and fair,  
Oh, for the song and the soul of the wind

As it flew in her whirling yellow hair  
In the years that are left behind!



"A HEADING FOR SPRING." BY DOROTHY STURGIS, AGE 14.

# BYGONE DAYS.

BY GERALD JACKSON PYLE (AGE 12).

A CAMP-FIRE in the Canadian woods,  
A tent set between two walnut trees,  
The sun fast sinking into the lake,  
And the forest stirred by the evening breeze.

Two boys that are standing near the fire,  
One lazily watching the setting sun,  
One gazing anxiously into a pot,  
In doubt as to whether the coffee is done.

A pile of sticks near the blazing fire,  
A pack that is hung on the limb of a tree.  
These memories are of bygone days,  
Loved memories of the forest free.

# A FAMILY TRADITION.

MIRIAM ALEXANDER (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

It was in the early part of the nineteenth century, when there was so much trouble with the Indians in Georgia and the neighboring States, when a fresh massacre or murder took place nearly every day, that the news was brought home that a member of our family, Cuthbert Steele, had been captured by the Indians.

This probably meant torture and death. But fortunately his courage and manliness won him favor in the chief's eyes, and an Indian council was called to decide his fate.

The great braves met and seated themselves on the ground in a large circle around the fire. At last it was determined that the prisoner should be given one small chance of life, off-set by many great chances of a cruel death,—he should "run the gauntlet" on the morrow. Then the mighty warriors and the wise men of the tribe dispersed.

Few ever escaped with their lives from this harrowing ordeal. It consisted in compelling the prisoner to run between two long rows, about eight feet apart, of Indians standing facing each other, each armed with various weapons such as tomahawks, clubs and knives, with which they were to strike at the captive as he fled past. If he ran through successfully, he was free; but if he should fall or cease running for one moment the Red-Skins would pounce upon and destroy him.

The following morning Cuthbert Steele was led out to a level stretch of ground. Even his brave heart quailed as he looked down the two long lines of would-be executioners, eager for their ghastly fun. Never before had life seemed so dear to him.

The signal was given. He leaped forward like a deer to the chase, dodging to right or left as necessity demanded. Tomahawks grazed head and body, while blows from heavy clubs fell upon him, one striking him full upon his back with terrific force, still his speed never slackened; his stout legs carried him on, though a trail of crim-



"AN OLD RELIC." BY W. CLINTON BROWN, AGE 17.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

son marked the path he had trod, though his strength was almost gone. The goal was very near. But in spite of everything his limbs were fast failing him. With one final frantic effort born of the frenzy of despair, he tore past the last savage face, and reeling, wounded, and blinded with blood, he staggered forward—but into freedom.

# BYGONE DAYS.

BY LEWIS S. COMBES (AGE 9).

(Honor Member.)

I HAD a dog in bygone days,  
His name was Duffy dear;  
I loved him for his funny ways  
His ways that were so queer.

I'd put his meat up in a tree,  
To see what he would do,  
And he would jump up after me,  
Before I could count two.

He went with me up to the store,  
To buy things for mama;



"WINTER." BY MARGARET L. RAFTER, AGE 12.



"AN OLD RELIC." BY MARION H. TUTHILL, AGE 17.  
(SEE LETTER-BOX.)

He always waited at the door,  
Until he saw a car.

And he would chase the car along  
Until he saw a cat,  
Then he would bark so loud and strong  
Her heart went pitapat.

And she went flying up a pole,  
And sat and watched him bark  
Until he saw a rabbit's hole,  
And then another lark.

Dear Duffy dog has gone away  
Where all good doggies be;  
And now I cannot play with him,  
Nor can he play with me.

#### BYGONE DAYS.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 14).

OVER the brow of the distant hill  
Is the village where once I dwelt,  
The little lake and the dancing rill  
Made when the snow did melt.  
The beautiful church with ivy grown  
Stood far back from the village street.  
The smooth green lawns were carefully mown,  
The gravel paths had borders neat.

Once I returned to that village fair  
Over the brow of the hill so blue,  
But the little lake and the rill weren't there,  
But only a pool and ditch in view.  
The little old church with ivy dead  
Behind the leafless trees stood bare;  
The uncut gardens before me spread,  
The weed-grown path showed lack of care.

#### A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HORACE G. SLUSSER (AGE 16).

WE hear many tales of the daring and endurance of the early pioneers, but surrounded by modern luxury and convenience, find it hard to put ourselves in the place of our forefathers, and their traditions seem far away and unreal to us. This feeling came over me as I heard my father relate this adventure of my great aunt, thrice removed, Carrie Graham.

It was in Revolutionary days, and at the time of the story, Carrie, her husband Edward Graham and their little child, were living in North Carolina. Edward was a soldier in Greene's army, holding some small command, and he had brought his wife down from Schenectady, New York, during the campaign.

In the battle of Guilford's Court-House, Edward

was mortally wounded, and though his wife nursed him as best she could, in a few days he died, leaving Carrie all alone with her child, five-hundred miles by direct line from her home in New York, and in a country desolated by war.

Here was a situation hard enough to try the most sturdy pioneer, but she met it with true pioneer spirit. Undaunted by the dangers ahead, she set out to cover the entire distance on foot, stopping only for rest and assistance at the cabins of patriot pioneers along her way. Many of these helped her on her way as much as they could, but in spite of all this aid, her journey was a terrible one. Many times she slept under the stars in lonely places, or alone with her child, trod the ridges of the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania. She suffered much from hunger and pure weariness, and the continual anxiety of the difficulties in her way, weighed heavily on her.

At last her courage and perseverance prevailed, and in the middle of the month of September, she reached her home in Schenectady, after a journey of five months through a country disordered by war and through places where the wilderness reigned supreme. As is often the case, after the strain of danger and hardship was over, she gave way entirely, and it was months before she was herself again.

Her journey may still be traced, from Greensboro, North Carolina up through Virginia and Maryland, over the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania to Schenectady in New York.

Her journey may still be traced, from Greensboro, North Carolina up through Virginia and Maryland, over the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania to Schenectady in New York.

#### GRANDMOTHER'S BYGONE DAYS.

BY PRIMROSE LAWRENCE (AGE 14).

SOMETIMES, as I sit by the fire  
And watch the pine-logs glow,  
I think of all the differences  
'Twixt now and long ago.

The children of this modern land,  
Dear me! how boisterous they.  
The little girls especially  
Do nothing else but play.



"SPRING." BY MARY SCHAEFFER, AGED 17.



"OLD LANTERN." BY C. EVA HARRINGTON, AGE 17.

But when I was a little girl,  
My daily stint I 'd do,  
Then help my mother make the beds  
And darn an hour or two.

And then for just a short half-hour  
A game I 'd quietly play,  
But dear me! nothing of the kind  
They play this present day.

But yet, if folks are happy now,  
Perhaps it does n't matter  
If they are noisy, bold, and gay  
And all the children chatter.

#### A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY EDNA ANDERSON (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

MY mother spent her childhood days in Sweden. The square, low-roofed house in which she lived, with its gabled fronts and latticed windows was a genuine Swedish mansion, and naturally such a house, with its rambling, old-fashioned interior, which had sheltered so many generations, was connected with countless traditions.

But one tradition interests me most of all. This has been handed down from one generation after the other, and has often been told to me by my mother. A brownie was supposed to inhabit the kitchens of the old house, and this was counted a very good omen.

For nearly every old house in Sweden had its fire-side brownie, or, as it is called in Swedish, "elfva." My mother's home, in particular, was inhabited by one of these strange beings, and was supposed to bring happy prosperity upon the household.

The people of this old mansion lived always in peace and plenty, and as the crops never failed the people were in a habit of saying, "Ah! the elfva sleeps at their hearth, and is pleased with them." The brownie had stayed at this old mansion for many generations, and, although no one had ever seen him, the kitchen-maids shook their heads wisely, and every evening put a jug of rich cream by the hearth for the elfva's consumption.

Hitherto, the people had been very careful not to displease the elfva for if they offended him, he would leave the house forever. After the elfva had lived at the mansion for many generations, a kitchen-maid, out of spite to the family, placed a jug of sour cream by the fire, instead of the sweet cream, and of course the elfva was offended by this.

He left the mansion, the jug of cream, and the warm hearth-stone, and directly after his disappearance, the mansion and the farm began to fall to rack and ruin. The mildew attacked the rye, the wheat dried up and the cattle died. What once was prosperity was now adversity, and the household knowing that they could do nothing with the elfva against them, abandoned the mansion. It soon fell to decay, and is now nothing but a gray heap upon the smiling Swedish landscape.

As for the elfva, I do not know what became of him, but this is the family tradition, handed down to me from my fore-fathers.

#### NOTICE

Lost or damaged League badges will be replaced free of charge. This does not apply to the gold and silver prize badges. These cannot be replaced.

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#### A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN LESLIE FOLLANSBEE (AGE 15).

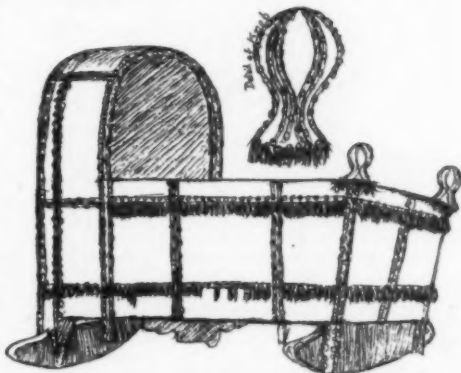
IN a suburb of Boston lives my great-aunt, a dear old lady who has the honor of being the first foreign woman to enter the walls of China. She made the journey with her husband, a sea-captain, on his ship, the *Logan*.

She reached Hongkong, June 16, 1838, where she remained a fortnight, going ashore only for sightseeing. The natives were very kind. They brought seats for the visitors, and pans of brown sugar and chopsticks with which to eat it. They examined her dress, and said her hands were "muchly white—no could work."

The journey up the river to Hwampoah, the port of Canton, was full of danger. The pirates who infested those waters had heard in some manner that this ship, with its rich cargo, was coming, and they were lying in wait for it. Fortunately heavy seas and typhonic winds kept the pirates away and saved the ship.

They reached Hwampoah July 4. Here the temperature ranges from 120 degrees to 150 degrees F., and typhoons are common.

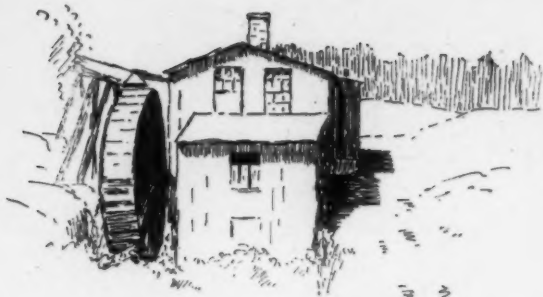
My aunt's first child was born here, August 2. It was a boy, and the natives came miles to see him, for



"AN OLD RELIC" (HENRY V'S CRADLE). BY ELSA CLARK, AGED 11. (HONOR MEMBER.) SEE LETTER-BOX.

this was the first white child born in China. The authorities entered the birth on the records. If the child had been a girl no attention would have been paid, as Chinamen think very little of women. This child died three months later and was buried in China. Just at this time news came that the British were to bombard Hwampoah; so, August 12, aunt sailed for Macao on another ship. She waited there until affairs were settled between China and England; and, as the weather was cooler, she had a very pleasant visit with a friend, the wife of the sea-captain. Her husband joined her September 8, and they left for Hongkong where they again embarked on the *Logan*. They sailed for Manilla, September 11. Later on this voyage they went to Russia and several years later aunt sailed on a packet-ship to Havre.

My grandfather sailed as second mate on the *Logan* when he was about nineteen years old. Later he commanded several ships himself and on one of his voyages my grandmother and father went around the world with him. My father made this voyage before he was six years old.



"AN OLD LANDMARK." BY DOROTHY OCHLMAN, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

- No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.  
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

**VERSE 1.** Joe Curtis DeLong Margaret Reeve  
Margaret Belt Marian Rubins  
Maude Dudley Shackelford Helen Lathrop  
Bernard F. Trotter Mary Virginia Golding  
Alice Shirley Willis Sophronia Morre  
Kleford Cooper  
Dorothy Mercer Louise E. Grant  
Cuthbert Vale Wright Janet Overall  
Margaret Crawford Corinne Benoit  
Keeling Madeline F. H.  
Katharine L. Carrington White  
Elizabeth Toof Allen Grant Brewer  
Marjorie Peck  
Kathryn Sprague DeWolf  
Clement R. Wood  
Aileen H. Barlow  
Clara P. Pond  
Gladys M. Adams

**VERSE 2.** P. Boyd  
Blanche Leeming  
Gertrude Flower  
Agnes McNary  
Frieda M. Harrison  
Margaret B. Smith  
Lucile Clifton Jones  
Ethel Louise Knight  
Zena Parker  
Marjorie Hill  
Helen Janet Smith  
Bessie Emery  
Camilla Ringhouse  
Albert Hart  
Jessie Morris  
Florence Kenaston  
Frank Loughran  
Ruth A. Dittman  
Minabelle Summy  
Ellen Tierney  
Alma C. Jones

**PROSE 1.** Esther P. Turner  
Ida C. Kline  
Ruth J. Turner  
Eloise Tanner  
May Richardson  
Eleanor Hathorne  
Bailey  
Leila Evelyn Tupper  
Jean L. Brown  
Frances L. Hayes, Jr.  
Eleanor Scott Smith  
Dorothy Smith  
Marie Knapp  
Dorothy Gardner

Margaret Reeve  
Marian Rubins  
Seth Harrison Gurnee  
Virginia Sandford McKee

### DRAWINGS 2.

Amy O. Bradley  
Pauline Lockett  
Henry Scott  
Frieda Funk  
Marion S. Phelps  
Charles H. Gould  
Alma Ward  
Dorothea Bean Jones  
F. D. Pemberton  
Alice N. Verry  
Hilda M. Hichens  
Adelaide Nichols  
T. Burdick Frank  
Mary Klauder  
Dorothy Schaffter  
Sylvia Sherman  
Virginia Davis  
Duncan G. McGregor  
Eather Christensen  
Gay H. Rebol  
Maud Spear  
Anna B. Osborn  
Ida F. Parfitt  
Irving Beach  
J. Donald McCutcheon

### PROSE 2.

Ellen Low Mills  
Eleanor Mason  
Agnes Holmes  
H. K. Pease  
M. Louise Smith  
Henry B. Dillard  
Ruth A. Spalding  
Margaret Mary Steele  
R. M. Hubbell  
Dorothy H. Warren  
Mary Pemberton  
Nourse  
Anne L. Murdock  
Isadore Greene  
Nan Pierson  
Alice G. Peirce  
Helen Noyes  
Marian Torrey  
Winifred E. Hulbert  
Caroline E. Allport  
Marion Peterson  
Helen Shaw  
Frances Fuqua

### DRAWINGS 1.

Henry J. Thompson  
Emily W. Brown  
Heather Baxter  
Webb Melvin Siemens  
Frederick Dixon  
Grant Whitney  
Josephine Bell  
Priscilla Bohlen  
Irene Loughborough  
Walter Ochle  
Majorie S. Harrington  
Oliver Marston  
Raphael N. Hamilton  
Leonora Denniston  
Adeline Kell  
Hazel Halstead  
George S. Marshall  
Kathleen Buchanan  
Alfred W. Pond  
Dorothy C. Jordan

### PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Frederic S. Clark, Jr.  
Marie Armstrong  
F. B. Kugelman  
Alice L. Cousins  
Dorothea Jones  
Fritz W. Hartman  
Gardner H. Fink  
Eleanor H. Hill  
Allan MacRossie  
Carl Stearns  
Rosamond Codman

### PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Marion Leonard  
Decker  
Marguerite Hyde  
Clara Stoveken  
Dorothy D. Kirkham  
Starling L. Buell  
James Bruce  
Katherine B. Decker  
Norman W. Averill  
Theresa R. Robbins

Gabrielle Elliot  
Fannie Bean  
Marianna Kroehle  
Zana Richardson  
Cuthbert W. Haasis  
Paul Cartwright  
John Franklin Carter, Jr.

Grant Gilbert Simons  
Agnes Dorothy Shipley  
Margaret E. Usher

### PUZZLES 1.

Elizabeth Crittenden  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
Elizabeth Beal Perry  
Morton L. Mitchell  
Florence Alvarez  
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.  
Frederic P. Storke  
Clara Beth Haven  
Clarice Rose  
Fritz Bjorkman

### PUZZLES 2.

Albertina L. Pitkin  
Helen F. Seagriff  
James F. Larfield  
Willa M. Roberts  
Arthur Albert Myers  
Dorothy Rutherford  
Gwen Swinburne  
Marian Tyler  
Alice Lowenhaupt  
Evelyn Duncan

### LEAGUE LETTERS.

24 ST. MARY'S STREET, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a copy of Henry V's cradle. (See picture, page 665.)

This king was born in the town of Monmouth where a great deal of property belongs to the Duke of Beaufort. This cradle is now in his possession, and he recently lent it to an exhibition in Southampton, where I saw it about twelve times.

Every part of the outside except the rockers is covered with red velvet, which is fixed down in irregular panels by little bands nailed on with brass studs. Even the knobs are covered. The velvet is so shabby that I did not know how to draw it, but have done all the fringe and trimmings.

I have a picture of the cradle which I copied many times before I drew it from memory, but at last it is right.

Your little friend,  
ELSA CLARK  
(League Member).

103A BEDFORD AVE., BROOKLYN.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The subject this month being "An Old Relic," I thought that I would send you a picture of a Peruvian Cow Idol. (See drawing, page 664.) My father has the idol from which the picture is drawn. It is supposed to be over a thousand years old. It is made of clay, which is brick red in color. On one side is spotted with white, as if it had been moldy. It is, I think, even uglier than my picture of it. Hoping, if ugliness has anything to do with prize awarding, to see my cow idol in print, I remain,  
Your constant reader,  
M. H. TUTTILL.

Here is a letter from a League member who strove faithfully and did creditable work, yet who did not succeed in winning a prize. For all, he has been benefited by his effort, and his appreciation of this is the best guaranty of a successful future:

LANCASTER, N. H.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My last contribution to the League has been sent, and today I pass beyond that privilege so long enjoyed by me. And though I have not achieved all that I have striven for, yet I have gained much. And so let me extend my sincere gratitude to you for the work you have done. For all that I have gained I can truly record to the efforts, the encouragements, and the enthusiasm due to your helpful influence. And so, with a thankful heart, I remain,  
Yours truly,  
CARL B. TIMBERLAKE.

3800 FOWELTON AVE.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: We, Chapter 562, want to thank you very much for the badges, leaflets, and certificates which you so kindly sent us. All the members like them very much and they wear their badges very much every meeting.

At our meeting just before Christmas Mrs. Pile, our "extraordinary" member, who pays double fines and dues, gave us candy pull. As it snowed all afternoon, only eleven of our sixteen members were present, the others being afraid of getting wet, I suppose. We made the real old fashioned molasses candy. Some of the candy was pulled almost white and some was hardly pulled at all. Mrs. Pile has a colored cook and as we did not pull the candy fast enough to suit her, she began to pull some herself. She was about half done when several of us went out to the kitchen for a fresh amount of candy. She gave them some of that which was already half pulled. They came back with this and showed the rest of us how white it was, but we soon discovered the trick and went for some ourselves.



We ate, and ate, and ate the candy, but it did not seem to hurt us, for we all appeared at the next meeting.

Wishing all the other chapters great success and many good times,

Yours sincerely, CHAPTER 862,

PER ELIZABETH LEWIS, Sec.

WASHINGTON, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I do not know how to thank you for the cash prize you sent me. When I won the gold badge I said I would try for the cash prize, only I had no idea then that I would win it.

The League has been a great help to me. If ever I accomplish anything in my chosen line of work it will all be due to you. Never, never will I forget the League and its editor, no matter what happens.

Thanking you for the prize as well as for all the good you have done me, I am, as ever,

Your friend, CORDNER SMITH.

Other welcome letters have been received from Marion B. Phelps, Winnie Stooke, Faith Goss, Edward Juntunen, Margaret Wincomb, Rebecca Levin, Noel S. Symons, Morris Levin, Margaret C. Benson, Bertha Kessler, Hildegard Jagerhuber, Ida C. Kline, Rachel McNair Talbot, Dora Mitchell, Jack W. Steele, Sally Madill, Frances Wagner, Anne Heidenheim, Edith Archer, Elizabeth Browning, Georgiana M. Sturdee, Arthur Albert Myers, Elizabeth H. Crittenden, Lorraine Ransom, Margaret Scott Cornell, Christine Fleisher, Nellie Shane, Alice Braunlich.

#### LEAGUE NOTES.

Chapter 858 (Sec. Ethel C. Irwin, Quincy, Ill.) would like to correspond with one or two other chapters.

Lost or damaged League buttons (not prize badges) will be replaced free of charge.

The announcement of the October subjects in this issue will give those members who are away on the other side of the world time to take part in this competition. Heretofore our young people in Japan, South Africa and Australia and such far away lands have felt that they were "left out."

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 870. "S. L. C.": Helen S. Work, President; Meta Brunnings, Secretary; eight members. Address, 16 Manhattan Ave., N. Y. City.

No. 871. "Jolly Eight": Arthur Gude, President; Russell Holman, Secretary; eight members. Address, 31 Fabian Place, Newark, N. J.

No. 872. "The American Trio": Anthony Winco, President; three members. Address, 9 Fifth St., Passaic, N. J.

No. 873. "Fleur de Lis": Hilma Hobbs, President; Madeleine Torrey, Secretary; three members. Address, 157 High St., Danvers, Mass.

No. 874. "Golden Star Club": Thomas Gren, President; Edward Juntunen, Secretary; three members. Address, Box 778, Laurium, Mich.

No. 875. Lorraine Ransom, President; Caroline Allport, Secretary; six members. Address, 35 Bellevue Place, Chicago, Ill.

No. 876. "Y. M. S.": Corinne Reinheimer, President; Edith Youngheim, Secretary; nine members. Address, 823 West End Ave., N. Y. City.

No. 877. "A Little Club": Anne Heidenheim, Secretary; two members. Address, 7212 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 878. Claire Edwards, President; Vera Kins, Secretary; fifty-one members. Address, Stanley, Wis.

No. 879. Helen M. Lewis, President; Mary L. Langdon, Secretary; eight members. Address, 5 E. King St., Rhineland, Wis.

No. 880. J. H. Metzler, President; six members. Address, 54 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S., Can.

No. 881. Jack Wendt, President; Newton Rhodes, Secretary; seven members. Address, 202 W. 74th St., N. Y. City.

#### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 79

Competition No. 79, for September, closing May 20 and 25, will be a repetition of No. 75 for the reason that only a small part of the No. 75 contributions were used (those in the April number). The subjects are as follows:

**Verse.** Title to contain the word "Mountain" or "Mountains."

**Prose.** Subject, "The Story of a Word" (giving the history of its origin and meaning).

**Drawing.** "Study of a Child" and Heading and Tailpiece for September.

**Photograph.** "The Hills" and the usual puzzle and puzzle-answers.

Those who competed in No. 75 need not send again as we have preserved their contributions.

#### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 80.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 80 will close June 20 (for foreign members June 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for October.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, to contain the word "Forest."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Camp Adventure."

**Photograph.** Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Picnic Party."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "Fisherman's Luck" and a Heading or Tailpiece for October.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

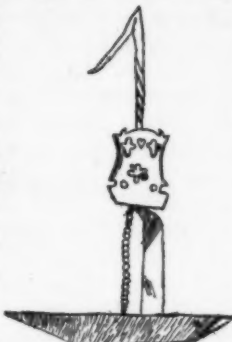
**Wild Animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

#### RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: The St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



"OLD DUTCH LAMP."

BY SAMUEL GOVE, AGE 10.



"GOODBYE APRIL." BY

KATHARINE L. HAVENS, AGE 13.

## BOOKS AND READING.

### MEANING IN BOOK-PLATES.

AMONG the letters that come to us, a fair proportion send us the writers' book-plates and ask to have the pictures of them published in this department. A number of these little designs are very charming, but many of them may be criticized for lack of purpose. For instance, there is little meaning in a plate showing only a picture of a tree or a ship or a column and the name of a child. The purpose of a device is to declare the feeling or belief of the owner, just as knights of old made their shields show forth their fortune or their intents. Unless there is some such purpose declared in a design, it is sure to become tiresome to the owner.

We invite those who have book-plates with a meaning to send them to this department, and provided attractive ones are sent, we shall print some of them.

### A LOVER OF GREECE.

FROM Vermont we are delighted to receive an inquiry for a good list of books that will tell the young writer something of Greek life in the early days. Our correspondent says: "I am very fond of Grecian mythology and history, and want to know more about it." She is fortunate to be, in her early teens, already seeking to learn about one particular subject, and as she grows older she will find that following up this one subject will result in leading her to all knowledge, as following the course of a brook downward will lead a traveler to the great ocean.

She does not only ask, but gives, information, kindly recommending to beginners Browning's poem, "Pheidippides" and Tennyson's "Enone" and "Tiresias." We share her admiration for certain qualities in these poems, but we think that many of our young readers will find at least "Pheidippides" rather difficult to understand, though the main facts of the story are easy to gather. Though the three poems may be puzzling the first few times they are read, yet the beauty in them will be evident

to every reader, and gradually what is not understood will become clear. We think it wise for young readers to practice themselves in reading good things that they cannot yet understand, until they have strengthened their minds so much that they can comprehend all of which their mature strength is capable.

### A METAPHOR.

When a traveler has once found out that he has taken the right train, and is aware that the bringing of him to his destination can in no way be helped by himself, he is wise to extract all the pleasure possible from the few hours of idleness that he must pass. It seems to me that the secret of good reading may be suggested by a comparison with the traveler on the railroad. He should be at the same time doing two things: advancing steadily towards his destination, and finding all possible enjoyment on the way.

Young readers should have in mind some object or purpose in their reading and studies, but while they are steadily advancing towards this, they should remember that there are times and seasons which may be devoted to recreation and amusement of the mind. Of course the comparison is not exact, but there never was a fable capable of more than suggesting a moral.

### TRUTH IN TASTE.

Nor long ago, the writer of this paragraph met a reader who, in speaking of a well-known author, said that she had finished none of that writer's books, giving as her frank reason that after a fair trial they were found to be very stupid.

There are advantages in such frankness. In the first place, there is the universal advantage of honesty; secondly, it is only by the confession of such a lack of appreciation that one may learn its cause and the remedy, if any there be. If the writer is in fault and is thought to be great, without right claim to greatness, the surest way to put an end to unearned fame is for honest people to say that they see no reason for it. Consequently, whether to improve one's taste, to increase one's knowledge, or to see

that poor authors are not bolstered into fame and that good authors come into their own, frank statements of our tastes in reading are best, if made at the proper season.

**THE BEST WAY.** AN anecdote of which I am very fond, since it serves as an illustration to so many things, is that told by a traveler in Japan and a collector of objects of art. In packing to come home, being unable to speak Japanese, he had to trust much to the good sense of his servant. But every time he came to see what had been done, he was shocked and horrified to find that his servant insisted upon putting some sharply carved iron nails with fancy heads into a beautiful lacquered box that was one of his greatest treasures. Since he feared the lacquered box would be scratched, he took out the nails again and again, only to find that upon his return the servant had replaced them in the polished box. At last, in despair, the traveler brought an interpreter and the matter became clear, for the servant explained that the old lacquer was the best lacquer in the world, that even the iron nails could not possibly scratch it, and that anywhere else he feared the nails would do much damage.

The little moral to be drawn from this fable in regard to the box is the recommendation of the very best binding for the books that are meant to stand hard usage. If the book is to be read once or twice and put away, the ordinary cloth binding will do; but if it is a reference book to be consulted over and over again, only the finest leather binding will be of any avail. Our young readers can make many other applications of the story.

**A POCKET NOTEBOOK.** It is not the usual custom of young people to take notes, but as they grow older and their interest in the affairs of life widens, they will discover that a number of matters will come to their attention and will slip away again unless there is something to help the memory. While the suggestion may not be of use to many of you, for the benefit of the few who like to be systematic, the habit of carrying a little notebook with an alphabetical index is strongly recommended. In this put down at least a brief note regarding what you wish to remember, in each case enter-

ing it under the letter beginning the most prominent name or word connected with it. If you cannot put down the exact item you wish to remember, at least note where you found it. The amount of time saved by this habit as you grow older will enable you to read a large number of excellent books; for to seek in vain a bit of information is not only extremely irritating, but exceedingly wasteful of time. Particularly in reading will a little notebook prove a great help. It is better to choose a tiny book, so that it will never be in the way.

A number of years ago it was a common habit to keep what was known as a "Common-place Book," and you will find that old-fashioned writers for the young recommend the copying out of such passages as strike the fancy. We believe that this is not wise, nowadays, when knowledge is so much more available and books are so much commoner. It is becoming more important every day to know where things are to be found rather than to know them.

**HOW AUTHORS LIVE.** As this item is being written, the writer can see upon the wall of his study a photograph of the author of a popular *ST. NICHOLAS* serial, who is also a personal friend. It shows him walking over the rough pasture-land of a plantation, carrying a large tin pail and a watering-pot, and with hat pulled well down over his eyes to keep out the sun.

It used to be the fashion to make portraits of authors that showed them either at their desks or discussing literary topics with a crowd of admiring friends, while sheets of manuscript lay strewn around. But we think that this little snap-shot of an author striding towards us in true farmer guise, is quite as characteristic. In order to write delightfully, an author must know the world. He cannot tell us about it unless he cares for it, and he cannot care for it unless he really lives in it. Read the lives of authors, and you will find that very few of them withdrew from daily affairs.

**HOW YOUR BOOKS ARE ARRANGED.** WE should be glad to hear from any of you who have a book-shelf of especial favorites, if you will write and tell us in what order you arrange the volumes. Possibly they may be upon a study-table instead of upon a shelf.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

### EDITORIAL NOTE.

The editor of ST. NICHOLAS would like to be put in communication with any near relative of the late Helen Thayer Hutcheson, of Washington, D. C., a former contributor to this magazine.

### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading the stories of this magazine I thought perhaps you would like to hear how much I enjoyed them. I am greatly interested in the "Crimson Sweater," I also enjoyed "Queen Zixi of Ix," and "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy." I have taken you for about five years, and think you are just the best magazine for children ever published; and I suppose everyone else does that ever has read ST. NICHOLAS. I am thirteen years old and I look forward to your coming with great pleasure every month.

I also like the story called the "Maids and the Motto," very much indeed, and enjoy the "Letter-Box," immensely.

Your interested reader,  
BLANCHE HOGELAND.

### 523 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you before, so I thought I would write this month. When my mother was a little girl she subscribed for you and she enjoys you now as much as she did then. Our family have taken you for fifteen years and have enjoyed you immensely. I am very much interested in "Pinkey Perkins, Just a Boy," and "From Sioux to Susan." We have had you bound for three years. When you come each month I look forward with great pleasure. Even my father too.

Your interested reader,  
JOSEPHINE B. WELLS (age 10).

### CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought of writing to you because I just finished your magazine. So many of our children from the Orphan Asylum were writing I thought I would too. The snow in Cleveland is very high; at least around our place. The sleds are everywhere going up and down. The boys skate after every hour of school. I like the story "Flapjack" and "The Rowena O'Toole Company."

Your affectionate reader,  
REBECCA HELBEIN.

### SLINGERLANDS, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your magazine very much. I have taken it ever since I can remember. The story that I now enjoy is "Pinkey Perkins." I live in the country and have four cats. Their names are Lea, a yellow cat with light yellow eyes; Nig, our black cat, with dark green eyes; Rowdy, our gray kitten, with dark blue eyes. Paint, our kitten's mother, has blue eyes. We named her Paint, for when she was a kitten she fell in a pot of red paint. The girl who lives two doors away from us has a pony. His name is Captain, he is very spunky, and when you ride on his back if you sit too far back he kicks, and kicks you off.

I remain yours truly,  
HELEN EDWARDS (age 11).

### THE SMELTER, EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at one of the largest smelters in the world. It is a very pretty place, three miles from El Paso. We all go to school there, as the pupils at the school here are Mexicans. You have been in our family ever since you were first published. I am very much interested in "From Sioux to Susan," and "The Crimson Sweater," and can hardly wait for each number.

Your affectionate reader,  
META ORMSBEE (age 13).

### CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old and I have taken you for two years, and think you are very interesting. I have read many stories, but like "Pinkey Perkins" and "Queen Zixi of Ix" about the best. I also enjoyed reading the other children's letters very much. I am in the fifth grade and love school very much, as also my teachers. In Cleveland we did not have much snow this winter, but on January 8 we had as much as we wanted. Wishing you a long and prosperous life, I remain your interested reader,

LILLIAN JACKSON.

### HONESDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of ten, living in the town of Honesdale. I have only taken you since Christmas, but judging from some old copies and the new ones I think you are the best children's magazine I have ever seen. The stories I like best are "Queen Zixi of Ix," which I read in the public library; "Pinkey Perkins," and "From Sioux to Susan." I was also very much interested in the story about the Stroubridge Lion, as I live in the town it made its first journey from.

Your sincere reader,  
LOUISE H. KRAFT.

### NEGAWNEE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year, and this is my second year. I wait for you every month, and every month I think you get better. My favorite story is "Pinkey Perkins." And every month I read the league stories, too.

We have about four or five feet of snow on the ground here and it is very cold.

On Washington's Birthday we are going to have a ski tournament and we have a slide built for it. Sometimes the men jump one hundred and twenty-five feet.

I think my letter is getting pretty long.

I remain your constant reader,  
PAUL BELL (age 12).

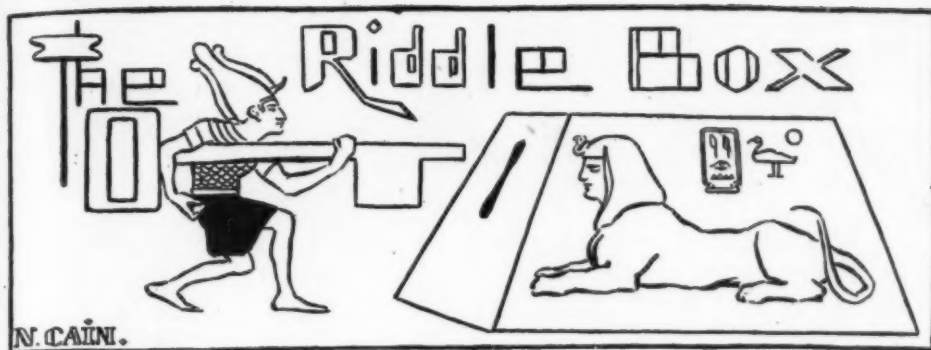
### WINCHESTER, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can hardly wait till my ST. NICHOLAS comes. The stories are so interesting. My parents say that if I once get hold of the ST. NICHOLAS it is hard to coax me from it until it is entirely read.

I am the oldest of four children, Madeline seven, Richard and Virginia, twins, two years old.

What a fine thing it will be for the children when they grow up to read all my bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS!

Your admirer,  
DOROTHY HAINSFURTH (age 11).



### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** All Fool's Day. Cross-words: 1. Flail. 2. Colon. 3. Polar. 4. Fifty. 5. Stool. 6. Stove. 7. Bales. 8. Post. 9. Model. 10. Crane. 11. Dryad.

**CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.** 1. Stared. 2. Thieve. 3. Aisles. 4. Reline. 5. Everet. 6. Desert.

#### MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

To stone the gods have changed her not in vain  
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

**CUBE AND SQUARE.** From 1 to 2, Honduras; 1 to 3, Hannibal; 2 to 4, Scotland; 3 to 4, Land's End; 5 to 6, Carlisle; 5 to 7, Cat-kill; 6 to 8, Egersund; 7 to 8, Loveland; 1 to 5, havoc; 2 to 6, Seine; 4 to 8, David; 3 to 7, label. Included Square: 1. Carl. 2. Asia. 3. Turn. 4. Send.

**DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.** Across: 1. Rive. 2. Adam. 3. Roam. 4. Ella.

**ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."

#### CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

To first at misfortune is second third. My whole is worn by Indians.  
ROBERT L. MOORE (age 9).

#### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is in yellow, but not in blue;  
My second, in brave, but not in true;  
My third is in snake, but not in toad;  
My fourth is in highway, but not in road  
My fifth is in light, but not in dark;  
My sixth is in night, not in the ark;  
My seventh's in gate, but not in fence;  
My eighth is in great, but not in dense;  
My ninth is in row, but not in swim;  
My last is in trunk, but not in limb.

My whole is a state,  
And a president great,  
And a street in Boston town;  
'Tis the name of a man,  
Who many risks ran,  
But it brought him great renown.

BRUCE T. SIMONDS (age 10).

#### DIAGONAL.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell a festal season.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A comrade. 2. That science which treats of the composition of substances. 3. Not

**DIAMOND.** 1. R. 2. Lea. 3. Leave. 4. Reasons. 5. Avoid. 6. End. 7. S.

**REVOLUTIONARY ACROSTIC.** Fifth row, Cornwallis. Cross-words: 1. Princeton. 2. Burgoyne. 3. Paul Revere. 4. Ehan Allen. 5. Delaware. 6. Germantown. 7. Charleston. 8. Ham- ilton. 9. Bennington. 10. King's Mountain.

**TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.** Sheridan, Tennyson, Whittier.

**BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.** Simon Peter. Cross-words: 1. Simon. 2. Isaac. 3. Moses. 4. Omega. 5. Naomi. 6. Peter. 7. Elias. 8. Thus. 9. Esther. 10. Roman.

**ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.** I. 1. T. 2. Art. 3. Arian. 3. Trimmed. 5. Tamed. 6. Ned. 7. D. II. 1. D. 2. Dew. 3. David. 4. Devised. 5. Wiser. 6. Der (mal). 7. D. III. 1. D. 2. Daw. 3. Dosed. 4. Dastard. 5. Weary. 6. Dry. 7. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Sow. 3. Squad. 4. Doubled. 5. Walls. 6. Des (ign). 7. D. V. 1. D. 2. Yes. 3. Yelps. 4. Deltoid. 5. Spout. 6. Sit. 7. D.

heathen. 4. A final proposition. 5. Steatite. 6. Not material. 7. One who hunts and fishes. 8. Everlasting. 9. Briskness.

JOSEPH S. BOUDWIN.

#### PERPENDICULARS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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The letters indicated by stars in columns numbered 1 and 2 spell the name of a famous American who was born in February; the letters indicated by stars in columns 3 and 4 name another famous American who was also born in February.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Windy. 2. Carelessly. 3. Often given before an operation. 4. Boiling. 5. The emblem of peace. 6. A place of public contest. 7. A large grazing farm. 8. To seize with the hand. 9. Pledges. 10. A shout. 11. Consumed. 12. To trifle. 13. Entire. 14. To correct. 15. To add.

GERTRUDE LOVING.





### A HIVE OF BEES.

EXAMPLE: Take bee from to fetch, and leave a circle. Answer, B-ring,

1. Take bee from to boast, and leave a fragment of cloth. 2. Take bee from a boy's nickname, and leave not good. 3. Take bee from the staff of life, and leave to peruse. 4. Take bee from a curve, and leave termination. 5. Take bee from lively, and leave to endanger. 6. Take bee from to whip, and leave to consume. 7. Take bee from part of a tree, and leave a famous place of refuge. 8. Take bee from a sable hue, and leave to need. 9. Take bee from a sudden calamity, and leave vulgar.

ALBERTINA L. PITKIN (League Member).

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials give the surname of a president of the United States, and also a name by which he was called; my initials give another name by which he was called.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. An instructor. 2. Since. 3. A pronoun. 4. Lengthy. 5. A covering for kitchen floors. 6. A large country of Europe. 7. A vegetable. 8. Of a lead color. 9. A hearty meal. 10. A girdle. 11. A place of public contest. 12. Frank. 13. Convenient. V. D.

### CHARADE.

My first is the name of a boy;

My second was used as a pen;

My whole is an early spring flower —  
You see it again and again.

THEODORE W. GIBSON (League Member).

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-one letters and form a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 10-15-7-8-21 is to set the foot. My 2-9-19-13 is to enlarge. My 12-17-4-16 are small, globular masses of lead. My 18-20-1-5 is pleased. My 14-6-11-3 is one of the United States. V. D.

### NOVEL ACROSTIC.

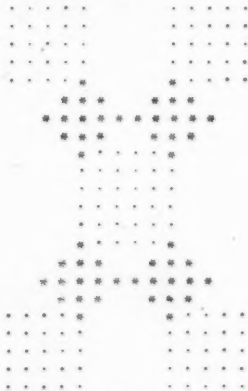
16	2
7	11
9	5
	6
12	4
10	8
15	14
	13
	3
	1

My initials spell the name of a State; my initials, its capital; and the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 16, one of the things for which the State is famous.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Long periods of time. 2. A continent. 3. Pertaining to stone. 4. To injure. 5. Starch or farina. 6. The heaviest substance known. 7. A baby's toy. 8. An idea. 9. To give. 10. A position of the arms.

MARGARET L. LOVING (League Member).

### SQUARES AND DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To embrace. 2. Tardier. 3. To expiate. 4. Dispatches. 5. To squeeze.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Vigor. 2. A very large body of water. 3. To act again. 4. A hole in the ground for concealing provisions. 5. To penetrate.

III. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. A wager. 3. A brown coloring matter. 4. A bond. 5. In starched.

IV. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. To tap. 3. The edges of a roof. 4. A drink. 5. In starched.

V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Ascends. 2. To withdraw. 3. A kind of type. 4. Taciturn. 5. The sea holly. 6. Part of a circle.

VI. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. A cold substance. 3. Meagre. 4. Conclusion. 5. In starched.

VII. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In starched. 2. A large serpent. 3. Harsh. 4. Period. 5. In starched.

VIII. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To suit. 2. A benefactor. 3. A point where two lines meet. 4. A dance. 5. To negotiate.

IX. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The seat of the affections. 2. Blunder. 3. To mount. 4. Certain flowers. 5. A lock of hair.

ELIZABETH BEAL BERRY (Honor Member).